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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

CHINA.

Narrative of the Chinese Embassy to the Khan of the Tourgouth Tartars, in the years 1712, 13, 14, *and* 15; *by the Chinese Ambassador, and published by the Emperor's Authority at Pekin.* Translated, &c. by Sir George Thomas Staunton, Bart. LL.D. and F.R.S. London, 1821. 8vo. 330.

Though more than a hundred years have elapsed since these travels were performed, the characteristics of the Chinese remain so unchanged, as to render the narrative of them in whatever relates to China, quite as new and as accurate, as if their date was a century later. Indeed it is a curious speculation in the history of mankind, to look at this immutability in one nation, while, from the migratory habits of another, we can hardly tell whether among the Calmucs, such a people now exists as the Tourgouth Tartars*, to whom this embassy was sent. Nor is it less than a singular coincidence, that even within the last Numbers of the Literary Gazette, it should have fallen upon us to give an account of a Russian commercial expedition to very nearly the same region, where Ural, Nogay, and Kirgise Cossacks are subject to the mighty Czar of Muscovy, and other tribes are wandering about the steppes of Tartary, in a sort of wild and unsettled independence; but where no "Great Cham" is longer heard of as a powerful sovereign among the princes of the Earth.

But we must revert to the era of Peter the Great, Ayuke the Tourgouth Khan, and Kanghee the Emperor of China, to whom and to whose subjects we are exceedingly obliged to Sir George Staunton for having called our attention, especially as he has done it in so agreeable a manner; making, to a considerable degree, the dry details of the route of a Chinese Ambassador not only readable, but interesting. As he justly observes, "the title of *Yee-yew-loo*, or a 'Description of Foreign Countries,' which is prefixed to the original work, conveys rather an erroneous, or, at least, an inadequate idea of its contents; as the notices of the countries travelled through are short and incidental, while the principal, and more immediate object of the work, is the relation of the proceedings of the embassy, upon which the writer of it was sent by the Emperor of China, in the year 1712, to the Khan of the Tourgouths, a considerable tribe of Eleuth or Calmuc Tartars, seated, at that period, on the banks of the Volga.

"The ambassador commences his narrative with the relation of some particulars immediately concerning himself; he then gives at length the instructions he had received from his Sovereign, and afterwards proceeds, in the form of a journal, to detail the observations that occurred upon his route, his intercourse and conversations with the several public authorities among the Russians and Tourgouths, with whom he communicated, more especially those with Prince Gagarin, the then Governor-General of Siberia, and with Ayuke, the Tourgouth Khan, or Sovereign; and he concludes with a recapitulation of the whole, in the form of an official report to his Sovereign of his proceedings."

This journey of several thousand miles, through Siberia and Tartary, was a wonderful event in the annals of China; and the translator, notwithstanding his extensive knowledge of Chinese literature, tells us that he never saw any publication similar to the present; the fidelity of which is corroborated by the nearly contemporary travels of Mr. Bell, almost precisely over the same route.

The instructions given to the Ambassador are very shrewd, and in their obvious policy, very like what we witness in all the diplomacy of China at this day. Tutored how to behave, Tu-li-shin sets out on the 20th of the 5th moon of the year Jin-shin (A. D. 1712), and in a few days passes the great wall into Tartary. His course lies through the territories of the Kalkas Tartars, across the Tola and Amour rivers, thence into the Russian boundaries, across the Baykal Lake, through Irkutsk, down the streams of the Angara, the Ket, and the Oby, by Tobolsky, over the Oural mountains, and so by the Volga towards the head of the Caspian, where, between the last mentioned river and the Jaik, the Tourgouth tribes were stationed. Without following this itinerary, which is, as we have stated, rather jejune, we shall transcribe what appears to us to be most worthy of extract, as illustrating either the manners of the travellers, or the memorabilia of the countries travelled through. That we cannot do so more at length, partially arises from our not understanding much of the narrative, where only the Chinese names are used—for example; the Ambassador says of the Tola and Selingue, "The banks of these streams are thickly overgrown with willows; and various kinds of fish, such as the *wha*, the *lo*, the *lee*, the *tsie*, the *shen*, and the *whee*, are found in these waters."

And again—"The following kinds of fish are found in the rivers: the *whee*, the *chu-lu*, the *ho-tu-la*, the *ta-hu*, the *lee*, the *she-pan*, the *mo-shu-eur-hoo*, the *tsee*, the *sun-go-ta*, the *shen*, the *keu-shin*, and the *ya-lu*—" with both of which paragraphs we are just as much in the dark about the fish in these streams, as if they were in Tartarus instead of Tartary. The following notice in natural history is more intelligible and curious. Near Yenisiek, to the north of Irkutsk, Tu-li-shin relates—

"In the very coldest parts of this northern country, a species of animal is found which burrows under the earth, and which dies if it is at all exposed at any time to the sun and air. It is of great size, and weighs ten thousand *kin* *. Its bones are very white and shining, like ivory. It is not by nature a powerful animal, and is therefore not very dangerous or ferocious. It is found generally in the mud upon the banks of rivers. The Russians collect the bones of this animal, in order to make cups, saucers, combs, and other small articles. The flesh of the animal is of a very refrigerating quality, and is eaten as a remedy in fevers. The foreign name of this animal is Ma-men-tou-va †. We call it *Kee-shoo*.

At Tobolsky, the Ambassador very minutely records his conferences with the Governor Prince Gargarin, whom he calls Ko-ko-lin ‡: and to an inquiry "'what are the different ranks of ministers and great officers of state in China? Whom do you esteem among them the most honourable and exalted?'"—makes the following reply:

"'In our empire of China we have five ranks or orders, entitled, *Tsin-vang*, *Kiun-vang*, *Pei-le*, *Pei-tse*, and *Kuo-kung*, which orders are exclusively appropriated to the members of the imperial family, these personages being all considered as so many streams diverging from one and the same heavenly source. We have likewise other hereditary dignities; such as the *Kung*, *Heou*, *Pe*, and others, by which we ennoble the sons and grandsons of former distinguished ministers. As to the administration of the government, we have, in the interior

* They are not enumerated among the tribes mentioned in the work on Cossack Costume, &c. recently published by Ackermann. See L. G. for 1820, p. 833.

* A *kin* is one third more than the English pound.

† This account of the popular notions prevalent among the natives relative to the Siberian Mammoth, corresponds in most particulars with that given by Mr. Bell, vol. ii. p. 193.

‡ The names given to men and places by the Chinese are very whimsical.—The Czar Peter, for instance, is *Pien-to-eur Ge-li-ha Sie-ye-fi-che*; his adversary, Charles of Sweden, is *Ko-lu-to*; Stockholm, *Se-tsing-ho-eur-na*; and other of the provinces into which the Russian empire is divided, are thus *altered*. "*Ko-shen-se-ko* (Cazan), *Fo-lo-ne-se-ho* (Vornetz), *Ke-yew-se-ko* (Koursk), *Se-ma-li-en-se-ko* (Smolensk), *San Pi-ti-li-pu-eur-se-ho* (St. Petersburg), *Kue-la-to-ho-eur-ho-lien-se-ko*, *Mo-se-ko Va-se-ho* (Moscow)."

department, great officers of state immediately attending on his Majesty's person *(Ling-shé-tse-ta-chin,)* and we have colaos or ministers of state *(Ta-hio-Sse)*. In the exterior departments we have the presidents of the several supreme tribunals *(Shang-shu,)* and the generals and commanders in chief of the several detached corps of the army *(Tu-tang, Chin-fung, Tong-ling,* and *Hoo-kiung-tong-ling)*. In the provinces we have Tartar generals *(Tsiang-kiun)*, viceroys *(Tsung-too)*, and Chinese generals *(Ti-too)*. All the foregoing whom we have mentioned, are great officers of state, and hold the first rank in the empire.'

"*Yee-fan Go-fan Na-si-che* then said—'In our Russian empire, the *Cha-han-Khan* has four great officers of state immediately attached to his person, who have power, whenever any business occurs, to transact and determine it themselves, upon their own authority, and without making any previous communication on the subject to their sovereign; have you any such great officers of state in China? And among those your Excellencies have already described, whom do you esteem the greatest and most honourable?'

"We said—'In our empire of China, none of the great officers of state are empowered to transact state affairs upon their own authority; in respect to such affairs, no distinction is made between the greater and the lesser. They must, on all occasions, be regularly submitted to his Majesty; his gracious pleasure must be solicited, and his conclusive decision respectfully awaited. When the latter is received, his Majesty's ministers may then reverently proceed to the execution of the same; but none can, on such occasions so far presume as to do any thing of their own accord. Among the great officers we have mentioned, the six officers who attend on his Majesty's person, and the six ministers of state, are the most exalted in dignity; none in the service of the government can be held to be superior.'"

"*Yee-fan Go-fan Na-si-che* then said—'In our empire of Russia, when consultations are held upon great affairs of state, our *Cha-han-Khan* personally attends and assists at the council. In China, when you have consultations upon state affairs, does your Emperor attend in the same manner?'

"We replied—'In China, when any important affairs of government are to be taken into consideration, the princes, and the other great officers of the state council, meet to consult, and also to decide thereon provisionally; they then report their proceedings to the Emperor and await his conclusive determination. But in our country the Emperor has no such custom as that of assisting personally in deliberations of this nature.'"

At length the embassy arrived at Saratof on the Tourgouth frontier, and a messenger was dispatched to announce the same to the Khan. Thence, in ten days, they reached the head quarters of Ayuke on the lake Manuto, and the narrative proceeds—"The *tai-kiz* and priests were sent out by *A-yu-ke* to meet us upon the road, and to conduct us to the place prepared for our accommodation.—Accordingly, upon our approach, we found all the *tai-kiz*, the priests, and the several chiefs of such of the *Man-gou-te* tribes as are subject to *A-yu-ke*, drawn up in lines upon the road, together with their followers, to pay their respects to us. Their flocks and herds were also collected and displayed, and tables, covered with provisions, laid out before us. All the people had come out to a very considerable distance to meet us; great numbers of them even knelt down at our horses heads, and in that posture offered their various eatables to our acceptance; and in all things they testified to us the utmost respect and attention.

"In the afternoon, *A-yu-ke Khan* sent *Ko-va*, one of the priests who was immediately attached to his person, and others, to wait on us, and to say—'Our *Khan* proposes to-morrow, it being a fortunate day, to have an interview with your Excellencies, and to receive in form the edict of the Most Excellent Emperor.'"

The Khan's inquiries at their interview, display a great deal of judgement; and as the answers convey some information, we select a few passages.

"A-yu-ke Khan then enquired, what was the number of the imperial princes, his Majesty's sons.

"We said, 'Those of his Majesty's sons who usually accompany him on his hunting excursions, some of whom are decorated with the titles of Ching Vang, Kiun Vang, Pei-le, Pei-tse, are 16 in number; how many more sons his Majesty may have, who, on account of their youth, have not yet gone beyond the precincts of the palace, we know not, as under such circumstances we can have no opportunity of seeing them.'

"A-yuke then enquired the number of the imperial princesses, his Majesty's daughters.

"We said, 'We have heard that above 10 of his Majesty's daughters are already settled in marriage; but respecting the number of those who may be still within the precincts of the palace, we know nothing.'

"A-yu-ke Khan continued his enquiries by saying, 'I have understood that his Imperial Majesty, in order to avoid the summer heats, visits every year his country residence, and there partakes of the diversion of hunting. What is the name of the place? how far is it from the capital? when does his Majesty proceed to it? and when does he return from it?'

"We replied, 'The place which our Emperor visits in order to avoid the summer heats is called Je-ho or Ko-la-ho-tun. It is seven or eight days' journey from the imperial city. Every year, about the latter end of the 4th, or the beginning of the 5th moon, his Majesty sets out upon this journey. In the mid-autumn, or immediately after the last day of deer hunting, which occurs in the course of the 9th moon, his Majesty always returns to his capital.'" * *

"A-yu-ke Khan proceeded to enquire, why the Mantchoo tribes were divided into two classes, some being termed the Ancient Mantchoos, and others the New Mantchoos.

"We replied, 'Those Mantchoos who were originally residents at Shing-king, and were among the followers of the Emperors Tay-tsou and Tay-tsong, we denominate, as well as all their children and descendants, the Ancient Mantchoos; but those who have come since to reside within the limits of the territory of Shing-king, and who have only been in the service of our Emperors since the removal of the court to the present capital we denominate the New Mantchoos.'

"A-yu-ke Khan then asked, 'Are the Mantchoo and Mongal written characters the same or different? by whom were they invented, and how handed down to the present generation.'

"We replied, 'Our Mantchoo characters are considerably different from the Mongal characters in many respects; our Emperor Tay Tsou was the first establisher of the 12 initial characters; our Emperor Tay-tsing afterwards added the marginal circles and dots, and immutably settled the pronunciation. It is now a character capable of infinite changes and combinations; and equally elegant as copious.'

"A-yu-ke Khan proceeded to observe, 'Many years ago I heard that in the dominions of your Emperor there was a certain Pin-se-vang (royal pacificator of the west) who had raised a rebellion. In what year did your Emperor subdue and destroy him? Are there any partizans or descendants of the rebels remaining?'

"We replied, 'Pin-see-vang had received great favours from our Emperor. In recompense for his small and weak services, his Majesty was graciously pleased to dignify him with the title of king, and to establish him with great honour and credit in the province of Yunnan, which lies at the south-western extremity of our Chinese empire: but he not only proved himself unworthy of such favour, but ungratefully broke out into rebellion. Our Emperor was in consequence greatly incensed, and immediately dispatched forces against him, by which he and all his adherents were completely destroyed and exterminated.'"

This A-yu-ke Khan is the same prince who had a conference with Peter the Great, in 1722, at Saratoff, and furnished that monarch with 5000 Kalmucks for his Persian war. We shall conclude our notice of the embassy with an extract from the modest report made on its return.

"A-yu-ke Khan made us no other communication. We remained fourteen days at his head-quarters, in the course of which we were invited to four entertainments, and complimented with sundry presents of horses. On the 14th of the 6th moon, we set out upon our return.

"These events lead us again to the humble contemplation of the virtues of his Majesty. They indeed unite all the excellencies of heaven and earth. They are founded on the principles of universal charity and benevolence. Their fame is constantly spreading and augmenting. The most remote, as well as the nearest nations, now enjoy the benefit of the imperial instructions. They have at length reached those extremities of the earth which, for thousands and thousands of years, had been previously inaccessible to the voice of the teacher. They have touched and sub-

dued the hearts of men, in the most remote places, where the imperial laws and statutes, from the most ancient times to the present, had never before been known to possess any influence. Thus gloriously are the sacred footsteps manifested; the map of the empire is thus further extended; the imperial goodness diffuses its influence more and more; all unite in honouring and respecting it. The four seas, and the six divisions of the world, emulate the interior in their respect for the imperial power, and love for the imperial goodness. There are none among the nations who do not now scale the mountains, and embark upon the seas, in order to have an opportunity of paying homage in the Crimson Chamber. All who exist, and are comprised in the circle of civilized society, make tributary offerings of such precious things as they possess, and vie with each other for the priority, in presenting their tribute. It is thus apparent, that the vastness of his Majesty's incomparable virtues far surpasses any thing which existed before in ancient times. The sacred works of his reign exceed in perfection those of an hundred kings. His administration is, accordingly, happy and successful, and his era prosperous and flourishing, beyond all example."

Sir George Staunton observes that this was, in truth, the most prosperous epoch in Chinese history; and that a great declension has since taken place in the power and greatness of that empire, especially within the last 30 years. He says, "The age of Kam-hi may certainly be considered as the Augustan age of the Chinese. Chinese literature was never more fostered and encouraged than during his reign. Mantchoo Tartar literature may be said to owe its existence to his patronage; and he possessed, besides, the singular merit, for a Chinese monarch, of entertaining a very adequate notion of the value and importance of the discoveries of European science. As a statesman and warrior, the firm establishment of a new dynasty, and the reduction of a considerable part of Independent Tartary, rendered him equally eminent. His grandson, the late Emperor Kien-lung, though not possessed of a mind equally enlightened, emulated his example both as a statesman and a patron of literature; and the superior advantage he enjoyed of a tranquil and undisputed succession, enabled him, in the course of his long reign, to extend his dominion, direct or indirect, from the borders of Kamschatka nearly to the banks of the Caspian. But now the limits of this empire are again receding. Among its former tributaries, Cochinchina already claims entire independence; and Nepaul, having solicited in vain the accustomed protection of China, has been compelled to transfer its allegiance to, or at least to submit to the dictation of, another master. The neglect and decay of public works, and the ill-suppressed voice of discontent, seem also to attest the declension of the empire in the interior in an equal degree; at least a change for the worse was fully apparent in the general state of most of the places which happened to be visited by both the British embassies of 1793 and 1816."

Henry Schultze, a Tale, The Savoyard, a French Republican Story, with other Poems. Lond. 1821. 12mo. pp. 143.

Report ascribes this publication to a clergyman in Hampshire: whoever it is, its principles do no discredit, and there are parts of its poetry which would do honour to any author. It is, however, sadly disfigured by a want of taste. Below the depths of Crabbe, it shows us there are still lower depths: and it seems to us, that under the mistaken idea of giving nature, force, and pathos, by minute descriptions of the realities of life, the writer has often fallen into the abyss of puerile absurdity. It is really pitiable to see such powers as he evidently possesses, so miserably mis-directed; and the efforts of a fine genius thrown away on objects so anti-poetical. We shall offer the contrast: Henry Schultze, a man in humble life, is a happy husband and father; his wife is seduced, his family perishes, and he starves himself to death *. Our first quotation is a picture of his children; and surely nothing can be more ludicrous in affecting composition.

The eldest now her alphabet could say,
And kneel, and join her little hands, to pray
That God papa, mamma, and self would bless,
And in a few small words her wants express.
The next dear fatling by himself could stand;
Nay, round the garden with his sister's hand
Could trot; four teeth, and five good words had he.
When a third nursling smiled upon my knee.
I loved them, for they all resembled her,
Their dearest mother; though she would aver
That little Constance had her father's nose,
And I and Wilhelm were as like as crows,
And even tiny Sophie, when she smiled,
Would any where be taken for my child.
Well, well, dear things, however it might be,
I wrapped them close up in my heart all three.
And now from day to day our chiefest care
Was for their future comfort to prepare;
We worked more hard than ever we had yet,
And advertised our two best rooms to let.

Who would suppose it possible, that the author of this trash could draw so terrible a scene of desolation as the subjoined. The distracted sufferer, stung by slighter causes, says,

They woke me up a moment from despair,
And to my lips a curse, a menace brought—
But what is all to me? again I thought;
And went, and cast me down upon the clay
Where my poor babies and their mother lay.
* * * *
The bitter pangs of want came on me now,
Hunger and thirst; assailants that can bow
The stoutest heart, and tame the sturdiest will,
And rouse to action, when all else is still.
Nature rose on me in her strength, and cried
For fire and food, and would not be denied;
Dragged down my spirit from sublimer views,
To turn, and cater for her sordid dues.
'Twas strange. But, I suppose, no soul is rent
Without some struggle from its tenement;
Nor can the love of being quite depart
From the last fragment of a broken heart.
From mine it did not; and the strife was great
Before my spirit yielded to her fate.

* The poem is founded on a fact, related by Professor Hussland, and originally translated for the Literary Gazette.

I heard Death's foot behind me; and to die
Was a dread thing even to such as I.
I craved employment, but their interests none
Would trust to hands that had betrayed their own.
I sought the army; but the war was o'er,
And soldiers were, for once, required no more.
Kinsmen I had; but could I turn to those
Who fled before, and left me to my woes?
And would they help me now? or could I bear
Their shame-wrung pittance, and their scorn, to share?
Thus outcast, thus rejected, baffled, blamed,
To dig unable—and to beg ashamed,
Without the means to earn a bit of bread,
Rest for my limbs, or shelter for my head;
No eye to pity, and no hand to save,
What could I do? Where turn—but to the grave?

These two examples will suffice to show the great difference between the author, when his theme, chosen with judgment, is worthy of his muse, and when it belongs to the new school, whose trifling is ridiculous, whose pure nature is mean, and whose sentiment is bombast. Throughout the whole poem we are alternately delighted and offended with similar transitions; and filled with surprise, that the same pen could write so well and so ill; could treat so nobly of

The tide,
Out-stretched at giant length, in deep repose,
And heaving onward, onward, till it rose
Into the distant blue, and bore on high,
Sail, mast, and banner with it to the sky—

and so ridiculously of

Smoke and trade, and sundry other things
Most unpoetic, and unfit to move
In verse or prose.

We cannot yet, however, though we shall say no more of the blots, part with the beauties of Henry Schultze: the following, on the discovery of his dishonour, is very touching.

She hold my knees, and pleaded, till away
She swooned. I gazed upon her as she lay,
And knew not where I was. I could not speak.
My heart's blood went and came; my knees grew weak
And shook beneath me, till I almost thought
I should have sunk and died upon the spot.
At last came tears and cries to my relief;
I turned away, and howled aloud my grief.
But still he lived.—I snatched the knife, and rushed
Forth to his chamber, hoping to have crushed
The serpent in his lair; but he was fled.
I stabbed in frenzy his deserted bed,
And cut the clothes in pieces he had worn,
And would have next destroyed myself forlorn;
But God withheld me there.—I tottered down
To her again, and wept—I could not frown—
No, in despite of every stain and fall,
She was my dimmed, degraded, ruined All.
I mourned, but could not hate her. "Go!" cried I,
"Go! we are neither of us fit to die.
"Thy parents' roof must now thy shelter be,
"Where thou mayest weep for thy lost self—and me.
"Kiss then thy helpless children, and go hence,
"And seek thy God with prayer and penitence.
"And O, may He, all fallen as thou art,
"Forgive thee, as doth now my breaking heart!"

The death of his last child is very pathetic.

But ah, my spirit from its trance awoke!
A second thunderbolt upon me broke.
"Thy child is dying," smote upon my ear.—
My child! my child! my little smiling dear!
My only solace left! (for *now* I knew
I had a solace) must she quit me too?
Yes: and the dread contagion stopped not there:
Sickened and sank the other little pair;
Sickened, and sank, and died before my face,
Almost before I caught one live embrace,
Or snatched one breathing kiss. O God! O God
The little darlings! that beside me trod,
And climbed my knees, and pulled my coat in play,
And smiled and prattled round me yesterday,
Cold, stiff, and silent now, and low in earth,
Laid by the side of her who gave them birth.—
But I must put aside these musings drear,
And turn where yet a hope remains to cheer
My toils; and God may pity, may forbear
This little lone one from my heart to tear.
O would He leave her to me, here I'd vow
To own his love, and prize my blessings now!
Might my wild prayer this single boon obtain,
I ne'er would murmur, come what might, again!
I took my anxious station near her bed,
Fanned her hot cheek, and propped her little head,
Watched her asleep, and tended her awake,
And wept, and prayed, and trembled for her sake,
I see her now, when from my stooping eye
She wiped the tear, and whispered, "Do not cry,
"My dear papa, for me. You said, you know,
"That if I died and left you, I should go
"To heaven, where poor mamma, and Sophie are,
"And Wilhelm too, and live with angels there,
"And God, and Jesus Christ, and all good men:
"And I am sure I must be happy then.
"But if I go and tell Mamma, that you
"Were crying here, I know she will cry too."
I cannot speak the rest. From my embrace
They took and bore the body to its place.
My heart went with it down into the grave;
And there it rests with those it failed to save.

In the Savoyard there are many fine passages, and not a few deformities; but our task would be too long were we to point out the former, too irksome were we to dwell on the latter: we therefore take our leave, recommending this little volume to the public attention. It well merits perusal.

CAPTAIN LYON'S TRAVELS.

(*Concluded.*)

Resuming the consideration of this volume, we shall extract from it such parts of the narrative as relate to the death of poor Ritchie, of which, as far as we know, no entire account has yet been laid before the public. From this it appears that the unfortunate traveller was as much the victim of the want of proper nutriment, in consequence of the inexplicable poverty of the party, as of the deadly climate in which he was plunged to suffer privation and wretchedness. Surely there must have been inexcusable negligence and ignorance in the plan and outfit of an expedition, the result of which was so disastrous. About the middle of May, that is to say, not two months after they left Tripoli, and only a fortnight after their arrival at Mourzouk, Captain Lyon was attacked with severe dysentery; and he adds "I was no sooner convalescent, than Mr. Ritchie fell ill, and was confined to his bed with an attack of bilious fever, accompanied with delirium, and great pain in his back and kidneys, for which he required repeated cupping. When a little recovered, he got up for two days, but his disorder soon returned with redoubled and alarming violence. He rejected every thing but water; and, excepting about three hours in the afternoon, remained either constantly asleep, or in a delirious state. Even had he been capable of taking food, we had not the power of purchasing any which could nourish or refresh him. Our money was now all expended, and the Sultan's treacherous plans to distress us, which daily became too apparent, were so well arranged, that we could not find any one to buy our goods. For six entire weeks we were without animal food, subsisting on a very scanty portion of corn and dates." * * *

"Hadje Mahmoud, a most religious old man, became very troublesome to me, and was continually begging that I would call in some Maraboot to pray over, and write prayers on Mr. Ritchie's head and hands: his delirium he attributed to the devil, and foretold that it would not cease until we had put a sword, or some implement of iron, under his head, Iblis being much alarmed at that metal. All these plans I resisted as well as I could; but found much difficulty in overcoming a strong desire he had to bring a plate with the names of God written on it, which were to be washed off, and the inky water given to the invalid to drink. Our poor patient, meanwhile, regardless of what was passing, longed and asked only for a little milk, which unhappily we were not able to procure; the Sultan, although he had fifty goats, made so many excuses and difficulties about affording us any, that we were obliged to give up all hopes of gratifying him."

By the end of August, however, the author states, "We frequently rode out to the gardens near the town, and Mr. Ritchie became again tolerably well, though I observed, with much regret, that his late and frequent disorders appeared to have very materially depressed his spirits, insomuch, that he almost constantly remained secluded in his own apartment, silent, unoccupied, and averse to every kind of society."

Even this condition was soon changed for a worse. "On the 8th of November, 1819, Mr. Ritchie being again attacked by illness, I much wished him to allow of my selling some of our powder to procure him a few comforts; but to this he would not consent. On the 9th I also fell ill, and was confined to my bed; and Belford, though himself an invalid, attended on us both. Our man servant was of no use to us whatever; but on the contrary, presuming on our poverty, did exactly as he pleased. Our little girl, however, assisted in nursing us. After lying in a torpid state for three or four days, without taking any nourishment or even speaking to us, Mr. Ritchie became worse, and at last delirious, as in his former illnesses. In the interval, my disorder having abated, I was enabled to rally a little, and to attend my poor suffering companion.

"After he had somewhat recovered his intellect, he appeared very anxious to know whether any letters had arrived, announcing to us a further allowance of money from Government; but when I, unfortunately, was obliged to reply in the negative, he avoided all comment on the subject. He would not drink any tea, of which we still had some remaining; but preferred vinegar and water, our only acid, which he drank in great quantities. Being entirely free from pain, he flattered himself that he should, in a day or two, recover, particularly as he was not at all emaciated, but rather stouter than he had been for some months previous to his illness. One day (the 17th) he appeared so far recovered as to be able to get up and be dressed. We placed him on the mat in the centre of the room, when he seemed much refreshed, and thanked us for the trouble we had taken; he then expressed a wish to have a little coffee, which, for a time, I was unwilling to give him, fearing it might injure him: he was, however, so earnest in his request, that I was obliged at last to comply with it. As he complained of the closeness of his room, and appeared determined on lying that night on the mat, we made his bed on it; and I laid myself down by him. In the afternoon he examined his tongue in the glass, and appeared a good deal alarmed at its colour; but presently said, 'I was frightened at the blackness of my tongue, but now recollect I have been drinking coffee; had I observed that appearance without knowing the cause, I should have said I had a bilious fever, and should bid you good bye.' In the evening one or two of the Mamlukes came in; he spoke to them for a little while, and soon after fell asleep. I remained awake the greater part of the night, during which he slept soundly; but in the morning I found he had crept from his bed, and was lying uncovered, and in a state of delirium, on the cold sand. We immediately put him to bed in his own room, and he appeared to rally again.

"On the 20th we got a fowl, of which we made a little soup for him; and while he was taking it, a man came in, and told me a courier had arrived from Tripoli, with letters. I went out, but returned, to my sad disappointment, empty-handed, the man having no despatches for us. The broth which Mr. Ritchie drank was the first nourishment he had taken for ten days, though we had used all our endeavours to prevail on him to eat. He said he felt much revived by it, and turned round to go to sleep. I placed my bed at the entrance of his room, and remained watching him. He seemed to breathe with difficulty; but as I had often observed this during his former maladies, I was not so much alarmed as I should otherwise have been. At about nine o'clock, Belford, on looking at him, exclaimed in a loud voice, 'He is dying!' I begged him to be more cautious, lest he should be overheard, and immediately examined Mr. Ritchie, who appeared to me to be still in a sound sleep;

I therefore lay down on my bed, and continued listening. At ten I rose again, and found him lying in an easy posture, and breathing more freely: five minutes, however, had scarcely elapsed before his respiration appeared entirely to cease; and on examination I found that he had actually expired, without a pang or groan, in the same position in which he had fallen asleep.

"Belford and myself, in our weak state, looked at each other, expecting that in a few days it might probably be our lot to follow our lamented companion, whose sad remains we watched during the remainder of the night. And now, for the first time in all our distresses, my hopes did indeed fail me. At daylight I went out and informed our kind friends, Yussuf and Hadje Mahmoud, of our misfortunes; at which they were much affected, and offered us all the assistance in their power. Belford, as well as he was able, hastened to form a rough coffin out of our chests; and a sad and painful task it was. The washers of the dead came to us to perform their melancholy office, and Mr. Ritchie's body was washed, perfumed, and rubbed with camphor; and and I procured some white linen, with which the grave-clothes were made. During our preparations for the burial, the women, who are always hired to cry at the death of persons whose friends are able to pay them, proposed to perform that disgusting office in our house; but I would not allow it, and very unceremoniously shut the door against them. While I was out of sight, either our servant or some of our officious visitors stole several of our effects, and I clearly saw that we were now considered as lawful plunder. The coffin being completed, I hired men to carry it with ropes, but one of them having suddenly gone away, poor Belford was obliged to take his place; when, attended by our small party of Mamlukes, we proceeded at a quick pace to the grave, at about ten o'clock. The clay below the sand was white, which was considered as a good omen; and Belford and myself threw the first earth into the grave. During the night we had, unknown to the people, read our protestant burial service over the body; and now publicly recited the first chapter of the Koran, which the most serious Christain would consider as a beautiful and applicable prayer on such an occasion.

"Having thus performed the last sad duties to our unfortunate friend, we returned home to pass a day of misery. It was necessary to distribute food to the poor who surrounded our door in great numbers, and we had no money even to purchase a morsel for ourselves; Yussuf's kindness again having supplied our wants, and I succeeded in getting the house a little more quiet. Within an hour after the funeral had taken place, a courier arrived from Tripoli bringing a truly welcome letter, announcing that a further allowance of 1000*l.* had been made by our Government towards the expense of the mission. Had this letter reached us a little sooner, many of our troubles and distresses would have been prevented."

Mr. Ritchie left only a few scattered papers, an unfinished journal, and some letters: nothing worth notice remains of his observations. After his death Capt. L. and his surviving companion, performed their journey through Fezzan, to the southward of Mourzouk. In their route occur the names of several places familiar on the maps of Africa, and also of villages not hitherto laid down. A list of these would convey no useful information to our readers, and we shall merely mention that they left Mourzouk on the 14th of December, and returned on the 16th of January. This tour of a month furnishes all the novelty which the author gives us from his own testimony of Africa; indeed this cannot be called new, for, mounted on a Maherry, the author followed the track of Horneman, and saw little besides a half dozen insignificant villages in Fezzan towards the Lybian deserts. From the chapters devoted to the journey, and preceding parts, we shall, however, make a few miscellaneous extracts. Speaking from native report of Wangara, Capt. L. says, "It is quite impossible from the varied accounts given of it, to form any idea as to its actual situation, or even existence. Should there really be three places so called, may it not be probable that it is a general name for marshes and swamps? In the one spoken of behind Tembuctoo, the capital is said to be Battagoo, and is a large town, near which much gold is reported to be found. An invisible nation, according to our informant, inhabit near this place, and are said to trade by night. Those who come to traffic for their gold, lay their merchandise in heaps, and retire. In the morning, they find a certain quantity of gold dust placed against every heap, which, if they think sufficient, they leave the goods; if not, they let both remain until more of the precious ore is added. These traders in gold dust are by many supposed to be devils, who are very fond of red cloth, the favourite article of exchange. I cannot conceive Arabs to be the merchants, for assuredly they would, least of all people, refrain from stealing the gold thus temptingly placed in their view."

"The Traders from Bornou bring slaves, wooden bowls, kaffala, or gourd bowls; a few tobes or shirts; sheep, goats, and a little honey. Lion's skins were once brought, but they are not now to be had, owing to the Sultan of Bornou buying them all up for his negresses to sleep on, to prevent their bearing children, as he has already a large family. It is implicitly believed that a woman who sleeps on a lion's skin never can become pregnant."

Of the sultan's children at Mourzouk, the author gives a curious account.

"I was," says he, "much struck with the appearance of his daughters, one of three, the other of one year and a half old, who were dressed in the highest style of barbarian magnificence, and were absolutely laden with gold. From their necks were suspended large ornaments of the manufacture of Tembuctoo, and they had massive gold armlets and anklets of two inches in breadth, and half an inch in thickness, which, from their immense weight, had produced callous rings round the legs and arms of the poor infants. They wore silk shirts, composed of ribbons sewed together in stripes of various colours, which hung down over silk trowsers. An embroidered waistcoat and cap completed this overwhelming costume. Their nails, the tips of their fingers, the palms of their hands, and the soles of their feet, were dyed dark brown with henna. I had viewed with amazement and pity the dress of these poor little girls; borne down as they were by finery; but that of the youngest boy, a stupid-looking child of four years old, was even more preposterous than that of his sisters. In addition to the ornaments worn by them, he was loaded with a number of charms, enclosed in gold cases, slung round his body; in his cap were numerous jewels, heavily set in gold in the form of open hands, to keep off the effects of the 'Evil Eye.' These talismans were sewn on the front of his cap, which they entirely covered. His clothes were highly embroidered, and consisted of three waistcoats, a shirt of white silk, the women only wearing coloured ones, and loose cloth, silk, or muslin trowsers. * * *

"Each of the sultan's sons has a large troop of slaves, who attend him wherever he goes; they are generally about the same age as their master, and are his playmates, though they are obliged to receive from him many hearty cuffs without daring to complain. The suite of the youngest boy in particular forms a very amusing group, few of them exceeding five years of age. One bears his master's Bornouse, another holds one shoe, walking next to the boy who carries its fellow. Some are in fine cast-off clothes with tarnished embroidery, whilst others are quite, or nearly naked, without even a cap on their heads; and the procession is closed by a boy tottering under the weight of his master's state gun, which is never allowed to be fired off. * * *

"On the 28th October, during the time I was in bed, we had another grand rejoicing day, called Aid el Tagtiga, which is to welcome in the new year of the Hegira, 1235 years having now passed since the flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina. Mukni having given a couple of his cast-off women to two of his slaves, one of whom was secretary and barber, and the other groom, we had gay doings in the little square before our Mosque. The first night the barber and secretary (who was the greatest man of the two) was seated in state on a carpet and mats placed on the ground, in the centre of the square, supported on each side by a friend, who, as well as himself, was covered with fine borrowed clothes, though the bridegroom, of course, shone most bright. He was very solemn and dignified, having a lighted candle and lamp placed on the ground before him. The men and women sung round him until near midnight, treating him with great respect. He held a fan in his hand, and occasionally bowed to the company. The bride was then brought from the castle, surrounded by a great concourse of women, who were vociferating in rapid succession, their cries of joy. She held a light-

ed candle in her hand, and had on a profusion of silver and bead ornaments: she was quite black and very handsome, and had borne three children by the sultan, all of whom had died. The bridegroom did not deign to look at her, but suffered the procession to pass along to his house; when, after waiting about half an hour, he rose in a stately manner, and leaning his hands on the friends who walked on each side of him (in the manner of the bashaw of Tripoli, and the sultan of Fezzan,) he slowly proceeded home; the dancers following him and singing songs of congratulation. The second night passed in much the same manner; and, on the following day, I saw the bridegroom, who had been a few hours before glittering in scarlet and gold, cleaning a horse in the street, with a ragged shirt on."

Apropos des bottes—talking of marriages, Capt. L. proceeds—

"One singularity I must remark of Fezzan, which is that fleas are unknown there, and those of the inhabitants who have not been on the sea coast cannot imagine what they are like. Bugs are very numerous, and it is extraordinary that they are called by the same name as with us. There is a species of them which is found in the sands, where kaffiés are in the habit of stopping; they bite very sharply, and fix in numbers round the coronet of a horse: the animals thus tormented often become so outrageous as to break their tethers."

Old Hadje, whose name we have already mentioned, was a great story-teller, and entertained our countrymen with his relations over their evening fire.

"Religion was generally the subject of these tales, which, when related by the old Hadje, were usually prefaced thus: 'When a man has been three times to the holy house, as I have been, he begins to know something, thank God!' He repeated many marvellous stories of the country of Sindi, or Persia, in which is the bed of the sun, and where grows a tree bearing a fruit resembling a coffin. This growing daily larger until ripe, at last bursts, and out of it a man drops to the ground, who cries 'Wauk, wauk;' in the name of the merciful God,' and instantly expires, sinking suddenly into the earth. He told me that in Paradise the prophets are permitted by God to ride on animals of extraordinary beauty, called Borak, whose form is something like that of an antelope, and their swiftness such, that in the twinkling of an eye they can spring out of sight. All the prophets on the bare backs of these animals, but Allah, out of love for Sidina (our Lord) Mohammed, gave him a golden saddle, on which he parades before the faithful. Many more stories equally extraordinary are told and believed all over the country; and in Morzouk are a few copies of some of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and the voyages of Sindebad the Sailor, which are as fully accredited as the Koran itself."

In his Chapter VII. the author has gathered together all the intelligence he could respecting Fezzan, the general soil of which is a sandy desert, though with some varieties, for, near Mafen, there is one plain of solid salt, about 30 miles in length. The Wadeys are fertile spots, and "the people in them are blacks and mulattoes, as in Morzouk, and Arabs live amongst them. The villages contain from thirty to two hundred houses; many, however, are composed of palm huts. The people are very poor, but in the time of the Waled Suleman, who resided much amongst them, they were opulent. In some of the pools of stagnant water in the Wadey Shaiti are found small worms, of about the size of a grain of rice; these are collected in great quantities, and pounded with a little salt in a mortar, until they form a black paste, which is made into balls of about the size of the double fist, and then suffered to dry in the sun. These worms, which are called Dood, form one of the very few luxuries of Fezzan, as the poor people, when they have a mess of flour, mix some of them with the sauce, to their Aseeda. They resemble very bad caviar in taste, and the smell is extremely offensive; but habit and necessity overcome all prejudices in this country, and I soon became very partial to them. Sand is an unavoidable ingredient in this paste, and the natives consider it as more wholesome in consequence. One or two families gain a good subsistence by preparing these worms for the market of Morzouk, and the neighbouring towns."

"There are no written records of events amongst the Fezzanners, and their traditions are so disfigured, and so strangely mingled with religious and superstitious falsehoods, that no confidence can be placed in them; yet the natives themselves look with particular respect on a man capable of talking of 'the people of the olden time.' Several scriptural traditions are selected and believed. The psalms of David, the Pentateuch, the books of Solomon, and many extracts from the inspired writers, are universally known, and most reverentially considered. The New Testament translated into Arabic, which we, (says Capt. L.) took with us, was eagerly read, and no exception made to it, but that of our Saviour being designated as the Son of God. St. Paul, or Baulus, bears all the blame of Mohammed's name not being inserted in it; as they believe that his coming was foretold by Christ, but that Paul erased it: he is, therefore, called a Kaffir, and his name is not used with much reverence."

From Morzouk, the capital of this country, the author returned to Tripoli, whence he was absent altogether one year. His remarks on the road are rather of a fanciful than instructive order: for instance, on killing a Maherry for dinner one day, he tells us, —"I never before had an opportunity of observing how water is procured from the belly of a camel, to satisfy the thirst of an almost perishing Kaffié. It is the false stomach which contains the water and undigested food. This is strained through a cloth, and then drank; and from those who have been under the necessity of making use of this beverage, I learn that the taste is bitter. As this animal had recently drank, its stomach was nearly full. I amused myself in making observations on its skin and skeleton, and in planning the formation of a boat; and I found that a most excellent contrivance might be made from them, for the purpose of crossing rivers; the back-bone being used as the keel, and the ribs as timbers. The formation of the chest of a camel resembles the prow of a Portuguese beancod, or fishing-boat. Indeed, it was in consequence of hearing the Arabs always calling it Markab, or ship, that the idea first occurred to me."

One of these Maherrys, by the by, the author states to have been the finest he had seen: it was 7 feet 8 inches from the ground to his hump, which was a low one. But it is now time for us to draw to a close. The author has made no discoveries himself, has added very little to our acquaintance with African Geography or Topography, and has, though on the whole pleasing in his style, been occasionally guilty of repetitions of his own matter, as well as too generally the mere repeater from others of what was already sufficiently notorious.

Wine and Walnuts.

OR AFTER DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Grey Beard.

CHAP XXIII.

De Loutherbourg's Eidophusikon.

This long promised chapter is respectfully dedicated to the fair, in compliment to the taste which our enlightened country women have displayed in the cultivation of that beautiful and interesting department of the graphic art, the study of landscape. It would be a subject of regret to all lovers of the picturesque scenery of nature, if the ingenious contrivances which De Loutherbourg invented, in the formation of his beautiful little stage, were consigned to oblivion for want of a record. It is well known, that this original exhibition not only delighted, but even astonished the artists who crowded the seats of his theatre. Sir Joshua Reynolds honoured the talents of the ingenious contriver, by frequent attendance, whilst it was exhibited in Panton Square, and recommended the ladies in his extensive circle to take their daughters, who cultivated drawing, as the best school to witness the powerful effects of nature, as viewed through the magic of his wondrous skill, in the combination of his inventive powers.

And here it may be suggested to some little circle of ladies, who have attained a proficiency in landscape painting (and many such there are that could be named), to make a joint effort of their talents, and endeavour to form a stage upon De Loutherbourg's plan. What amusement could be more interesting to themselves? or what winter's evening entertainment could be more delightful to a party of their friends? It would not only afford a beautiful field for the display of their imitative powers in copying the fine scenery of our picturesque isle, or their inventive faculties in the more extensive range of composition, but call into action the aid of those ladies, in this age of science, who have studied geometry, and some branches

of mechanics. Having been gratified, through peculiar favour, by a constant admittance behind the curtain, I can minutely describe every operation which set this rare exhibition in motion; and I doubt not that, with the aid of an ingenious carpenter, a select party of intelligent ladies might, in a few months, produce at least one scene, as an experiment, of sufficient success to induce a general taste for such a species of elegant entertainment.

De Loutherbourg, who had studied midst the romantic regions of the Pyrenees, the Alps, and his own native mountains in Alsace, yet declared, that "*no English landscape painter needed foreign travel to collect grand prototypes for his study.*" The scenery of our lakes, he contended, united the sublime and the beautiful; the mountainous wilds of North Wales, and the yet grander mountains of Scotia, seen under the magical effects occasioned by our humid, ever varying atmosphere, such as inspired the poetic descriptions in Ossian, were alike directed to the painters in less poetic observation. De Loutherbourg's practice was but a comment on this candid declaration; for until his arrival here, it rested a common prejudice with artists and amateurs alike, that our fair island did not afford subject for the higher display of the landscape-painter's art. This foreign artist dispelled the cloud of ignorance that had so long prevailed, and by his own magnificent views of our native soil, pointed out the way to the present school, decidedly the first in the landscape department of all the world. Nothing that has emanated from the genius of Italy has combined the soul and harmony of some of the English scenes, described by the pencil of Turner. Who, that is capable of feeling the poetic powers of the pencil, can forget his evening scene of Carnarvon Castle, exhibited at the Royal Academy, some twenty years since?

The stage on which the Eidophusikon was represented, was little more than six feet wide, and about eight feet in depth; yet such was the painter's knowledge of effect and scientific arrangement, and the scenes which he described were so completely illusive, that the space appeared to recede for many miles, and his horizon seemed as palpably distant from the eye, as the extreme termination of the view would appear in nature.

The opening subject of the Eidophusikon represented the view from the summit of Onetree Hill, in Greenwich Park, looking up the Thames to the Metropolis; on one side, conspicuous upon its picturesque eminence, stood Flamstead House; and below, on the right, the grand mass of building, Greenwich Hospital, with its imposing cupolas, cut out of pasteboard, and painted with architectural correctness. The large groups of trees formed another division, behind which were the towns of Greenwich and Deptford, with the shore on each side stretching to the metropolis, which was seen in its vast extent, from Chelsea to Poplar. Behind were the hills of Hampstead, Highgate, and Harrow; and the intermediate space was occupied by the flat stage, as the pool or port of London, crowded with shipping, each mass of which being cut out in pasteboard, and receding in size by the perspective of their distance. The heathy appearance of the foreground was constructed of cork, broken into the rugged and picturesque forms of a sand-pit, covered with minute mosses and lichens, producing a captivating effect, amounting indeed to reality.

This scene, on the rising of the curtain, was enveloped in that mysterious light which is the precursor of day break, so true to nature, that the imagination of the spectator sniffed the sweet breath of morn. A faint light appeared along the horizon; the scene assumed a vapourish tint of grey; presently a gleam of saffron, changing to the pure varieties that tinge the fleecy clouds that pass away in morning mist; the picture brightened by degrees; the sun appeared, gilding the tops of the trees and the projections of the lofty buildings, and burnishing the vanes on the cupolas; when the whole scene burst upon the eye in the gorgeous splendour of a beauteous day.

The clouds in every scene had a natural motion, and they were painted in semi-transparent colours, so that they not only received light in front, but by a greater intensity of the argand lamps, were susceptible of being illuminated from behind. The linen on which they were painted was stretched on frames of twenty times the surface of the stage, which rose diagonally by a winding machine. De Loutherbourg, who excelled in representing the phenomena of clouds, may be said to have designed a series of effects on the same frame; thus, the first gleam of morn led to the succeeding increase of light; and the motion being oblique, the clouds first appeared from beneath the horizon, rose to a meridian, and floated fast or slow, according to their supposed density, or the power of the wind.

To illuminate the interesting scenes for this display of nature, the ingenious projector had constructed his lights to throw their power in front of the scenes; and this plan might be tried with advantage for spectacles, and particular effects at least, on the great stages of our magnificent theatres. The lamps on De Loutherbourg's stage were above the proscenium, and hidden from the audience, instead of being unnaturally placed as we are accustomed to see them, by which the faces of the performers are illuminated, like Michael Angelo's Satan, from the regions below; thus throwing on their countenances a preternatural character, in defiance of all their well studied science of facial passion and expression. What painter ever dreamt of inverting the order of nature so entirely as to light the human countenance upwards? And why depart so strangely from truth upon the stage? The expression would be increased tenfold by lighting from above the proscenium.—For how infinitely more impressive is the emotion of the passions, when described with the spacious orbit of the eye in that deep shadow which the grand *gusto* of the historic style of painting has adopted—The majesty of intellectual intelligence is seen to rest upon the human brow. Nothing can outrage truth, or do so much violence to that delicate expression, which is the soul of acting, when addressed to the philosophic mind, as to view the bold projection of the chin, the subordinate and characteristic prominence of the nose, the upper part of the orbits of the eyes, instead of forming harmonious shadows, glaring in the blaze of stage lamps, each a separate *touch* of light. Were the other method adopted for illuminating the stage, the scenes would recede, in their respective distances; the front and most prominent characters would cast a shadow on those in the second ground, and the general effect would assume the superior light and shadow of nature in manifold combinations, such as we behold on the historical groups of the great masters. Why should we continue to tolerate absurdities upon the stage, to the manifest injustice of those fine and masterly traits, as exhibited in the actor's "*anatomy of expression?*" which might, but for this, serve as a school for the painter to study the rudiments of rage, anger, terror, guilt, jealousy, and other potent passions operating on the human visage, with that marked expression which the science of certain great actors can personate at will.

Before the line of brilliant lamps, on the stage of the Eidophusikon, were slips of stained glass; yellow, red, grey, purple, and blue. By the shifting of which, the painter could throw a tint upon the scenery, compatible with the time of day which he represented, and by a single slip, or their combinations, could produce a magical effect; thus giving a general hue of cheerfulness, sublimity, or awfulness, subservient to the phenomena of his scene. This too might be adopted on the regular stage, were the ingenious machinists of the scene-room to set their wits to work; and at no vast expence, since the improvements of lighting with gas.

How magnificently awful is that supernatural light which Martin has diffused to his wondrous picture of Belshazzar's feast!—how powerful its aid, in raising the impression that the whole picture describes but one sentiment! What an improvement might be rendered, by thus throwing a mysterious light upon the stage, in those awful scenes described in Macbeth's murderous castle, or in the cauldron scene, or on the heath;—scenes that are fearful to the imagination when read in the closet, but which lose half their pathos on the stage, merely for want of the intelligence which the scenic aid could give. How imposing might the ghost scene in Hamlet be rendered, by due observance to such a scheme. Every assistance should be courted to give effect to scenes thus wrought to a poetic climax of horror, by the descriptive pen of the dramatic bard. The illusion should step closely upon the heels of reality; and until this is attended to, the cultivated mind will never acknowledge that justice is done to the drama. How absurd to see the ghost of Denmark's King, obstrusive, made up of obvious materiality, standing prominent, *out of all keeping*, like bluff king Henry, armed cap-a-pie, to astonish gazing country cousins at London's Tower; or to behold three masquerading witches, with pointed caps,

copied from those on the painted signs at Kentish Town; like Christmas romps in a barn, dancing round a porridge-pot, at the delectable game of snap-dragon; and this in an enlightened age too, and in honor of the greatest poet of the world!

These matters, like landscape gardening, will never be concordant with right feeling, may it please your reverences, until they are submitted to the approbation of a class of beings who alone appear qualified to be arbiters of such subjects. I need not add, that painters are the worthy wights I mean. National taste should be directed by those who are competent to teach; and that scene, whether in nature or on the stage, that can satisfy the painter's eye, must please the public;—and this is law!

The inventive schemes of the artist to give motion and reality to the scenes which I have promised to describe, will display the endless resources of his original mind. The effect of a Storm at Sea, with the loss of the Halsewell Indiaman, was awful and astonishing; for the conflict of the raging elements he described with all its characteristic horrors of wind, hail, thunder, lightning, and the roaring of the waves, with such marvellous imitation of nature, that mariners have declared, whilst viewing the scene, that it amounted to reality.

The representation of waves on the stages of our theatres, are too obviously painted boards, either of stiff formal undulations, cut out by the house carpenter, or imitated, as of late, by a vast volume of cloth, big as the main sheet of a frigate, on which we discover a luckless fisherman rolling about like a stranded porpoise, or an unhappy wight tossed in a blanket, exciting the boisterous delight of the sailors and apprentices in the one shilling gallery, and the tender sympathies of the servant maids, who have paid double the price to weep a story below; whilst the ladies and gentlemen in the boxes, covered with the *dust* of the *waves*, shut their eyes in self-defence, and the worthies in the pit, equally disturbed by the hurly-burly, pray that the storm were over, and the fisherman escaped with a whole skin. For the only wonder of this wondrous scene, with the grave part of the audience, and more particularly with the sons of Hippocrates and Celsus, is, how the actor can be dragged on shore, and escape the dislocation of every joint, in this *tantalization of his osteology!*

[*The unusual length of this interesting article, must be our apology to our venerable correspondent, for postponing the remainder of the Eidolopsikon to the next number. Ed.*]

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ACCOUNT OF THE EARTHQUAKES IN THE GREEK PROVINCES.

(From a private Friend.)

Feb. 1, 1821.

Dear Sir,—If the last letter was duly received, it would communicate, that after leaving the Athenian Port Peiræios, and quitting the schooner at Epidauros in the Argolis of the Peloponnesos, we examined the various ruins of Thereæ [Jæro] in the sacred grove of Æsculapios. We afterwards passed two nights at the house of an *Jatros*, at the magnificent Port Nauplia di Romania, and explored the vast Cyclopæan walls of Tiryathos; then proceeded to the interesting remains of Mycenæ and Argos; thence to the Morean Capital Tripolitza near the ruins of Tegæa. Next we repaired to Mistrà, near the extensive ruins of Sparta. Intelligence arrived from Zantè, that an earthquake had taken place the 17th of the Greek, and 29th of our December, at two hours after midnight, the anniversary of the patron saint, Dionysios. That it had shattered all the houses; thrown down many; and yet caused the death of only ten persons. The general preservation of life was accounted for, by the Greeks, the night preceding their solemn holidays, sleeping in the churches, which being strongly built, did not fall. That about two hours after sun-rise the same morning, during a procession with the saints' bones exhibited in a shrine, there occurred a storm of hail-stones, many of them three inches in diameter, nine in circumference, and nearly four ounces in weight. That it was followed by heavy rain, which occasioned such torrents to descend from the heights of the fortress, as deluged some small houses, and drowned two of the inhabitants. That less damage had been done at the other Ionian Islands. While at Mistrà, an earthquake happened on the evening of the Greek 25th of December, answering to our 6th of January. While conversing, about three hours after sun-set, with a company of Greeks celebrating their Christmas-day, in a large *Divan*, there were three distinct shocks, north and south, similar in motion to a ship rolling at sea. The *terra mota* was repeated two hours after mid-night; but did little damage there, at Tripolitza, or about those parts of Laconia. After passing by Leondari and Constantino, to Cyparessia, (the present city Arkadea,) it made large breaches, as of a besieging army, in the citadel, damaged all the houses, killed a Turk with his two children and servant in one house, about seventeen persons in all, wounded more, and demolished about 200 houses; thirty-eight in the Bazar alone.

Both Greeks and Turks left their houses every night, and slept under tents, in their gardens and olive groves. In the mornings at sun-rise, instead of assembling in churches and mosques, they knelt on hills near them at their devotions, in view of the troubled atmosphere and sea. There have been smaller shocks of the earthquake nearly every night; and early on the morning of our 15th of January, some magazines of corn fell, previous to our setting off southward, where similar effects had taken place at the villages to Navarino. Above that port, at the ancient Pylos of Nestor, on a second day's visit to its lofty citadel, the great Pylos (or Portal) and some other parts, had been hurled down. Northward the most ancient polygonal substructures of the castle, and two Cyclopean walls, below the great cave, stood undisturbed. In traversing from Messina, northward, through Phigaleia (Paulitza) the ruins of Apollo's temple, and other parts of the antient Arcadian Province, the general effects were similar: except at (Andrutzina) Trapezos, where the town, consisting of four detached parts, having strongly built stone houses, little loss was sustained, and in general the worst houses only fell.

At Olympia in Pian of lower Elis, where for many centuries no human habitation had remained near the ruins, except a water-mill, that had fallen into the Cladeos streams, and nature herself had given way. Beside crevices every where in the extensive vale of the Alphæos, (Rouphia) high banks of the river had fallen into the flood. Precipices of sand-stone were precipitated on the north side of the vale, opposite to the vapour springs, whence, Pausanias says, issued fire, near the Ferry (Paleo Phanari) below the Typæan Rock. The havoc lay extended like snow and rocks from *Avalanches of Mont Blanc* in the Swiss Vale of Chaumoni. Near the pass of pudding-stone rocks with caves, west of the Cladeos and Olympia, the rocks in falling had brought down pine-trees along with them. Agolinitza south, and Shelithone (χελώνη), north of (Pergo) Salmone, were equally demolished, and about twenty killed at each town, tho' no one was killed at this town between them. The parts of the western side of the Peloponnese, towards Zante, suffered more. Wells every where were agitated by the shocks, and vessels on the coasts. Though reports were greatly exaggerated, yet the places themselves exhibited great wretchedness. The people in tents, like gypsies; the bazars shut up, day after day; and many articles with difficulty procured. Ten miles north of Olympia, up the Cladeos stream, Lalla was nearly demolished, where the Aga's house, like many others, is built with stones plundered from the temple of Olympian Jove. Amid the tragic effects, many curious circumstances occurred; some, half-awake, supposed a deluge in their houses, carrying the furniture from side to side of their apartments; others, on rushing from their couches, amid the general crash, found the stairs gone by which they would descend: and others missed their trunks of robes, and strong boxes of treasure, which were buried among the ruins. Cobblers, tailors, barbers, and various craftsmen, were seen for several days scratching for their tools, amid the vile rubbish of their hovels.

TRAVELS IN BRAZIL.

Outline of the Travels of Drs. Spix, and Martius, of the Bavarian Academy of Science in Brazil. (From Germany.)

We have great pleasure in laying before our readers, a brief outline of this remarkable journey, which will afford some new and important information, both in what respects the sciences, and a people very imperfectly known. Drs. Spix and Martius returned to Munich on the 10th of December, after an absence of nearly four years. These academicians sailed from Trieste, on board an

Austrian frigate, for Rio de Janeiro, on occasion of the marriage of the Archduchess Caroline Leopoldine with the Crown Prince of Portugal. They landed at Pola, Malta, Gibraltar, and Madeira; and on the 14th of July 1817, reached their destination, Rio de Janeiro. As soon as they had explored the environs of this city, and sent a rich collection of natural history to Munich, they set out upon their expedition into the interior of Brazil on the 10th of December. They proceeded southwards from Rio de Janeiro to the province of S. Paulo, under the tropic of Capricorn, to the Porto-Feliz on the Tieté; hence they turned again to the north to S. Toao d'El-Rey and Villa-Rica, in the midst of the Brazilian gold mines. Those mines they examined, made excursions into the forests on the Rio Doro, the abode of the Puri, Corope, Coroato, and Botecudo tribes, and continued their journey to Tejuco, the centre of the diamond mines. The diamond district, of which Tejuco is the principal town, is the Alpine country of Brazil; and its delightful region afforded the naturalists the finest opportunities to pursue their researches, and augment their collections. Hence they proceeded to the Comarca of Minas-novas, particularly to observe the emeralds, garnets, red tourmaline, white and blue topazes, crysoberils, &c. in their native beds. They then traversed the extensive Serra between the Diamond river, Tequetinhonha, and the Rio de S. Francisco; crossed that great river at Salgado, and penetrated on the elevated plains of the Chapada de Paranan in Gopaz, as far as the sources of the Tocantins, which flows from this place to Para, to join the river of the Amazons.

With incredible fatigue and hardships, they proceeded from this point of the interior, back towards the coast; they again crossed the Rio de S. Francisco at a narrower place; and after having traversed the burnt, now leafless, forests of the interior of the Capitania of Bahia, they arrived safely, at the end of the year 1818, at the capital of this province, S. Salvador, more commonly called Bahia. The principal object of their return was, to send to Europe the collections they had already made, and to prepare for a new journey into the interior. During their stay in Bahia, they made several excursions into the neighbouring country, and embarked for the Comarca dos Ilheos, about thirty German miles south from Bahia, and explored the forests on the coast. Meantime, the favourable season had commenced for undertaking the new journey into the interior, and our travellers consequently left the town of Bahia, and endeavoured to reach the Villa de Tacobina, distant about 100 German miles. They were also fortunate enough to penetrate 40 German miles laterally into the mountains, where they discovered many fossil mammoth bones, and a block of meteoric iron weighing 300 arrobas. After this interesting discovery, they hastened to leave this frightful region, in which a three years want of rain, and a continued drought, threatened both them and their mules with death. With the loss of the greatest part of their train, they at length happily arrived at the Rio de S. Francisco, near Tonceiro, on whose green banks they in some measure reassembled and reorganized their train. As soon as the caravan was put in order, they crossed the Rio de S. Francisco, and began their journey with fresh vigor. They passed through the delightful Campos of the Capitania of Pernambuco, and afterwards through the meadows of the Piauhy, which are very rich in salt, and may be called the Brazilian Switzerland, on account of the numberless herds of cattle to which they afford pasture.

Aldeas-aldas, the first Villa in the Capitania of Maranhoa, and the town of S. Luiz de Maranhoa, were their next resting-places: at the latter, they embarked on the river Itapicuru, which is dangerous on account of its numerous rocks and currents. The travellers declare, that they cannot speak in sufficiently high terms of the pains which the English Consul at that place took for the re-establishment of their health.

They now examined the island of Maranhu, and the neighbouring continent; and embarked for Para, where they arrived in six days. Here, at the mouth of the greatest river in the world, the gigantic Amazona, they took fresh courage to explore the interior of this unknown continent. They had accomplished the land journey on horseback from Rio de Janeiro to beyond the southern tropic, thence through the interior of the Capitanias of S. Paulo, Minas Geraes, Goyaz, Bahia, Pernambuco, Piauhy, to Maranhon; and, animated by the sight of the majestic river of the Amazons, proceeded upon this ocean of fresh water, to traverse, almost under the line, the continent of America to the chain of the Andes; and to extend their researches in the direction from East to West. This undertaking was bold and dangerous, but worthy of these intrepid travellers. As this is a chief result in the history of this journey, we shall give a more particular account of it in a future number; and merely add, that all their collections, the first of which was sent from Rio de Janeiro, the second from Villa Rica, the third from Bahia, the fourth from Maranhon, and the last which is extremely rich, from Para, (and consists of more than forty large chests,) have safely arrived in Munich in good condition.

As a testimony of his satisfaction, his Majesty has assigned them apartments in the palace of Duke Maximilian, where they are provided with every thing necessary, at his expence. The King and Queen have already viewed the great assemblage of objects of nature and art, which the travellers made in Brazil. This collection is to be called, "The Brazil Collection;" as there is already a separate Brazilian hothouse in the great botanic garden of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Munich, for the plants brought from that country. We understand that the whole is to be arranged in Duke Maximilian's palace. The two academicians will draw up a circumstantial account of their travels, which will be published at his Majesty's expence in several volumes, illustrated with maps, plans, drawings, &c, forming a splendid work, which will be a monument of the talents and industry of the authors—of the high degree of perfection to which the arts have attained—and of the munificence of his Majesty.

LORD BYRON'S PLAGIARISMS.

[In our former extracts from Mr. Watts' work, we were induced to suppress the illustrative criticism that accompanies the passages upon which he has thought proper to comment, in order to make more room for the evidence itself. This has been in some respects a disadvantage to the author; but we had not room to quote both. Indeed the instances adduced seemed to us so entirely to establish the point, that comments were hardly necessary. In this, our last extract, (for as the work will, we understand, be committed to the press, it would be injustice to the author to extend our obligations to it) we give a portion of the criticisms, with merely two or three of the numerous examples cited in proof of the positions. The argument is good as far as it goes; and though *words* are a common medium to which every writer has a right, we think it will be acknowledged that there are peculiar uses of them which constitute a want of originality, if not of minor plagiarism. The origin of the character of the Corsair, as it was premised in a former Number, is also added. Ed.]

The unoriginality of Lord Byron's Style, as it respects Diction, considered.

Having produced a considerable body of evidence in proof of the unparalleled obligations of Lord Byron to a variety of writers for *ideas*; it may not be uninteresting to enquire how far his general *style* and *diction* are entitled to commendation on the score of originality. It is quite clear, that the appropriation of peculiar expressions, mere words consecrated to the purposes of poetry by the earlier masters of the lyre, is perfectly warranted, and justifiable in a modern poet. 'The language of the age,' says Gray in a letter to his friend West, 'is never the language of poetry.' Hence it may reasonably be inferred, that poets are at liberty, under certain qualifications, to adopt such verbal improvements as are to be met with in the literary storehouses of those by whom the English tongue has been, at various times, enriched and ennobled. This privilege is common to all; and genius may, to a very considerable extent, be developed by the selection and judicious amalgamation of these component parts. Sir William Davenant has remarked of Spenser, (somewhere in the preface to his Gondibert) that our language received from his hand many 'new grafts of old and withered words.' This observation will in some measure be found to apply to Lord Byron. He has with a rare felicity, and vivid perception of beauty, tastefully interwoven with his poetry, a profusion of those vigorous epitomes of splendid ideas, those *ardentia verba*, which so frequently occur in the productions of our early writers. And to this system may be referred that pervading energy, that forcefulness and condensation, for which his poetry has been so pre-eminently and deservedly celebrated. Had his lordship been content

to restrain himself within any reasonable bounds, it would have been well. But not satisfied with that description of imitation and appropriation of the phraseology of those who have gone before him, which has been warranted by the example of other distinguished writers, he has advanced further, and levied contributions on the works of his predecessors to an extent that places the originality of his poetry in this respect in as questionable a point of view as we have already proved it in many others. The critics of the day have on different occasions, talked a great deal about such of his lordship's assumed peculiarities, as they have been pleased to entitle BYRONISMS. They have adduced them in support of assertions as to the original character of his genius. Nay, they have even proceeded to accuse other modern writers, (who stood convicted of one or two trifling obligations of this description) of *poaching* on Lord Byron's *premises*, when they were in fact licensed *sportsmen*, and had committed no trespass beyond that of *coursing* on the original *manors* from which the illustrious poet has in a great measure stocked his own Parnassian *preserve*.

The aforesaid BYRONISMS (glowing expressions and epithets, which Aristotle, speaking of them as they exist in Homer, calls *living words*) contribute in a much more important degree to determine and give a character to the STYLE of an author, than a superficial critic would be disposed to admit. Pope has observed, in the preface to the Iliad, that as a metaphor is a short simile, so one of these epithets is a short description: it is quite obvious then, that if some limits were not prescribed as to the extent to which authors might avail themselves of these 'short descriptions,' persons of comparatively insignificant talents, but possessing a moderate portion of taste, might by introducing these *essences* into their compositions, acquire a degree of reputation to which they would, in no one sense of the term, be entitled. For a complete illustration of our argument in this particular, we refer our readers to the poetry of Gray, which, if divested of the judiciously selected epithets and nervous diction, with which it is interlarded from various sources, loses entirely the *caste* which must otherwise be conceded to it, and degenerates into mere common-place. No one would have the folly to attempt to reduce the standard of Lord Byron's genius to a level with that of Gray; but it is quite certain that his Lordship is chargeable with want of originality to a much greater extent than even this 'manufacturer of Centos'; partly, perhaps, because his writings have been so much more voluminous. It is not, however, the adoption of one or two, or twenty of the forcible turns of expression, we would be understood to refer to, that could injure Lord Byron's claim to originality of STYLE; but it is the constant and systematic recurrence of these unacknowledged appropriations in every half dozen lines of his poetry, which (superadded to his incontrovertible plagiarism of thoughts,) conduces to place it in so doubtful a light. It has been noticed of Shakespeare, that his language is one of his principal beauties; and that in his poetry *every word is a picture*. If this be the case, and a poet resort to his or other pages, in order to amass a quantity of similar pictures for the purpose of enriching and adorning his own bare and unfurnished structure; although he may at the conclusion of his labours boast of a choice and valuable cabinet, he is, nevertheless, to say the best of him, little better than a collector, 'a mere gleaner of other men's matters;' and as such, has no claim whatever to rank on the same level in the Temple of Fame, with the artist and original inventor.

The highest effort of taste in the selection of epithets is, where a word in common request, and extrinsically unimportant, is so skilfully introduced, as to minister to the poetical effect of the whole passage, and answer all the purposes of some more vigorous and antithetical expression. There is little of this in Lord Byron. He deals in stronger stimulants—the *cantharides* of poetry: and even these he borrows. His energy is very artificial; it is rather produced by single words ingeniously transplanted from other writers into his poetry, than by any continuity of forceful ideas. The passion of some of his Lordship's best verses, will be found upon inspection to have its seat rather in the diction, than in the current of thought; more in the detail than in the aggregate. Thus, in the celebrated line—

By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone;

Deprive it of the glowing epithet *arrowy*, (which is a fine poetical coin from the mint of Milton) and alter the artificial alliteration, and the remnant will be weak and worthless. The same criticism will apply to many passages of a similar description, thus:

And darts into her *desperate* brain.
GIAOUR.

Here all the power of the line is produced by the word *desperate*, as applied to brain, (for which see Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet, '*dash* out my *desperate brains*') and the judicious alliteration.

BYRON.

Nor *coined* my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud.
C. H. III.

The word *coined*, as applied to cheek, associated with the fine alliterative sweep of the verse, is all that is effective in this passage, see Dryden's *All for Love*—

He *coined his face* in the severest stamp.

Let the following verses be stripped of the beauty-breathing word, or turn of expression which does not belong to the poet, as well as of their fine but systematic alliteration, and it will immediately be seen to what they are indebted for the force and passionate glow of thought which appears to pervade them.

Byron.

Lo *Nemi navelled* in the woody hills.—*C. H.* iv.
Milton.—Within the *navel* of the hideous wood, &c. *Comus.*

Byron.

In thy calm clear brow
Wherein is *glassed* serenity of soul.—*Manfred.*
Thou glorious mirror where the Almighty's form *Glasses* itself in tempests.—*C. H.* iv.

Massinger.—Yon hanging cliff, that *glasses*
His rugged forehead in the neighbouring lake.
Renegado, A. iv.

To *glass* myself in those fair eyes, &c.
Duke of Milan.

Byron.

With his *melodious tears* he gave himself to fame.
C. H. iv.

Milton.—Without the meed of some *melodious tear.*—*Lycidas.*

Byron.

On his ear the cry
Of women struck, and like a deadly knell
Knocked at that heart, &c.

Young.—Awful eternity,
How often *has he knocked at human hearts.*

Byron.

Stamp madness deep into *my memory.*
Lament of Tasso.

Gray.—*Stamp* we our vengeance *deep*, &c.

That his lordship considers obligations of this sort, of importance, is quite clear, from his noticing (where the passage was too popular not to be generally recognized) the source of one or two of his *byronisms*, for instance, the words *syllabled*, *haught*, and an epithet from Young. See the notes to his poems.

A word of Shakespeare's, that, separated from the line to which it belongs, is perhaps common-place and mean, (or at least far from splendid and impressive,) will often, in its proper situation, owing to the exquisite tact of the poet, appear of singular beauty and power, and furnish abundant food for the imagination; this constitutes, according to our ideas of perfection, the golden secret of the art of poetry. It is in instances like this, that taste in the selection of language becomes synonimous with real and exalted genius. It is easy for a writer to produce an adventitious splendour and energy, by inlaying his poetry with the burning diction that may occur to him in the productions of other people. Such materials are pictures ready to the hand; while those we first alluded to, become so only in proportion to the discrimination with which they are introduced. But even where it is necessary to employ vivid language and imagery, it by no means follows that they should be derived without avowal from other writers.

* * * * *

ORIGIN OF THE CHARACTER OF THE CORSAIR.

Much of the portrait of Lord Byron's Conrad is undoubtedly borrowed from that of Malefort Junior, in Massinger's fine tragedy of the Unnatural Combat. The hero of the old poet, as well as that of his lordship, is a *Corsair*. The same recklessness of danger, the same mysterious brevity of speech, and studied concealment of character, and the same carelessness, as far as it concerns themselves, as to the spoil so dangerously acquired, is evinced by both. They possess numerous traits in common, and such traits too, as are little likely to belong to persons of their profession. The outline of the picture is certainly Massinger's; although Lord Byron has *filled in* a number of admirable touches, which conduce to make his Conrad by far the most interesting pirate of the two. We quote the description of Malefort Junior, by one of his captains.

I've sat with him in his cabin a day together,
Yet not a syllable exchanged between us.
Sigh he did often, as if inward grief
And melancholy at that moment would
Choke up his vital spirits; and now and then
A tear or two as in derision of
The toughness of his rugged temper, would
Fall on his hollow cheeks, which but once felt
A sudden flash of fury did dry up.

* * * * *

* * When from the maintop
A sail's descried, all thoughts that do concern
Himself laid by, no lion pinched with hunger
Rouses himself more fiercely from his den
Than he comes on the deck;—and then how wisely
He gives directions, and how stout he is
In his executions,—we to admiration
Have been eye-witnesses; yet he never minds
The booty when made ours, but as if
The danger in the purchase of the prey
Delighted him much more than the reward,
His will made known he does retire himself
To his private contemplations, no joy
Expressed by him for victory.

Gifford's Massinger. The Unnat. Comb. A. 2. s. 1.

We have here the prototype of Conrad. Witness the following lines from Lord Byron.

With these he mingles not but to command;
Few are his words, but keen his eye and hand.

* * * *

That man of loneliness and mystery, &c.

* * * *

He marvelled how his heart could seem so soft,
Fire in his glance, and wildness in his breast
He feels of all his former self possest.

* * * *

But who that Chief? his name on every shore
Is famed and feared—they ask and know no more.

* * * *

'Steer to that shore'—they sail. 'Do this'—'tis done.
'Now form and follow me:'—the spoil is won.
Thus prompt his accents and his actions still, &c.

* * * *

And turns what some deem danger to delight.

* * * *

Ne'er seasons he with mirth their jovial mess,
But they forgive his silence for success.

The forebodings of Massinger's Pirate, respecting his combat with his father, strikingly resemble those of Conrad on the eve of his last enterprise.

I have often viewed
All kinds of death's inevitable darts,
Nor are they terrible. Were I condemned to leap
From the cloud covered brows of a steep rock
Into the deep, or Curtius-like fill up
For my country's safety and an after name,
Some bottomless abyss, or charge thro' fire,
It could not so much shake me as th' encounter
Of this day's single enemy.

* * * *

It was long since resolv'd on,
Nor must I stagger now in't, &c.

Byron.

Many a peril have I past,
Nor know I why this next appears my last,
Yet so my heart forebodes, but must not fear;
Nor shall my followers find me faulter here.

Corsair.

All these points of resemblance can hardly have been accidental. The obligation ought not therefore, (as usual) to have been passed over without that acknowledgement, which the fact seems to demand.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

MATHEMATICS.

We have received a communication from Mr. Bernhard Berndtson, Secretary at the Royal Swedish Department of War in Stockholm; that, having undertaken to resolve, by a new method, the equation

$x^{m+1} - x - n = o$,

in which m is a positive even number, and n a real, positive numeral quantity whatsoever, rational or surd, he has found, that of this equation the real positive root, equal to the negative sum of all the other roots, may be exactly expressed by

$$\frac{b\,2-a\,c}{2\,b-a-c}\,1$$

When

$$a = \sqrt[m+1]{1+n\,1}$$

$$b = +\sqrt[m]{1+\frac{n}{a}}$$

And

$$c = +\sqrt[m]{1+\frac{n}{b}}$$

From this general expression of the value of one always real and positive root in the equation $x^{m+1} - x - n = o$, it follows, that: if $m = 2$; the cubic equation, $x^3 - x - n = o$, shall have one value of

$$x = \frac{b\,2-a\,c}{2\,b-a-c}, \text{ when } a = \sqrt[3]{1+n},$$

$b = +\sqrt{1+\frac{n}{a}}$, and $c = +\sqrt{1+\frac{n}{b}}$; if $m = 4$, the equation of the 5th degree, $x^5 - x - n = o$, shall have one value of

$$x = \frac{b\,2-a\,c}{2\,b-a-c}, \text{ when } a = \sqrt[4]{1+n},$$

$b = +\sqrt[4]{1+\frac{n}{a}}$, and $c = +\sqrt[4]{1+\frac{n}{b}}$;

&c. &c.

The author, who considers the analytical facts, explaining the ground of the expression above mentioned, as for the prolixity of the matter, not adapted to be inserted in this Gazette, offers himself to communicate these facts to any mathematician who might wish to take notice of them.

INCOMBUSTIBLE CLOTH.

M. Gay Lussac, the French chemist, as we mentioned some time ago, has discovered a method for rendering linen and cotton cloth incombustible; that is to say, of communicating to them the power of burning without flame, so as not to propagate combustion. The method (which has been tried on pieces of muslin) consists in steeping the material in a solution of phosphate of ammoniac, in which the excess of alcali has been saturated with muriatic acid.

It cannot be doubted that this discovery is capable of the most useful applications, and great credit is due to M. Gay-Lussac for the disinterested way in which he communicated it to the French Government, and in his zeal for the public good, renounced all exclusive advantage that he might have derived from the invention.

LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

COLLINS THE POET.

Interesting particulars of the Poet Collins, not included in the narratives of Johnson or Langhorne.

There is no deficiency in the poetical biography of this country more seriously to be deplored, than the dearth of information as to the life and habits of our admirable and enthusiastic Collins. The unsatisfactory sketch given by Dr. Johnson is calculated rather to excite curiosity than to assuage it; and the notice afforded by Langhorne is little less slender and insignificant. In the short account given of him in a recent work (Campbell's Specimens), there are a few lines of elegant and apposite criticism, as honourable to the heart as to the head of the amiable author; but no new light is thrown on the biography of the poet. The following anecdotes (and that which might appear trivial under some circumstances, becomes valuable and important, where little is all that can be obtained,) are selected from the papers of Mr. Hymers, of Queen's College, Oxford, who died some years ago, and who purposed giving to the public a complete edition of Collins. We cite the proper authority, where it has been recorded, for each anecdote.

Collins had planned and written the prospectus of a literary journal, to be entitled the Clarendon Review, which he intended to have had printed at the University press. He would probably have edited it himself.

"About Easter 1751, I (T. Warton) was in London, when being given over, and supposed to be dying, he desired to see me, that he might take his last leave of me; but he grew better, and in the summer sent me a letter on some private business, which I have now by me, dated Chichester, June 9, 1751, written in a fine hand, and without the least symptom of a disordered or debilitated understanding. In 1754, he came to Oxford for change of air and amusement, where he stayed a month: I saw him frequently, but he was so weak and low that he could not bear conversation. The same year, in September, I and my brother visited him at Chichester, where he lived in the Cathedral Cloisters, with his sister. The first day he was in high spirits at intervals, but exerted himself so much, that he could not see us the second. He shewed us an ode of two or three four-lined stanzas, called the 'Bell of Arragon,' on a tradition, that anciently, just before a king of Spain died, the great bell of the cathedral of Sarragossa, in Arragon tolled spontaneously. It began thus—

"The bell of Arragon, they say,
Spontaneous speaks the fatal day," &c.

Soon afterwards were these lines—

"Whatever dark aerial power
Commissioned haunts the gloomy tower," &c.

"The last stanza consisted of a moral transition to his own death and knell, which he

called 'some simpler bell.' I have seen all his odes already published, in his own hand writing; they had the marks of repeated correction: he was perpetually changing his epithets. I had lately his first manuscript of the ode on the death of Colonel Ross, with many interlineations and alterations. The lady to whom this ode is addressed was Miss Elizabeth Goddard, who then lived at or near Harting, in Sussex. In the first stanza, my manuscript has 'sunk in grief,' for 'stained with blood.' The fourth stanza stood thus:

"Even now, regardless of his doom,
Applauding honour haunts his tomb *,
With shadowy trophies crowned:
While freedom's form beside her roves
Majestic thro' the twilight groves,
And calls her heroes round.

The sixth stanza had 'untaught' in the first line, instead of 'unknown.' The present seventh and eighth stanzas were not in the manuscript. In the present ninth stanza, instead of, 'If weak to soothe so soft a heart,' the reading was, 'If drawn by all a lover's art.' Many variations I have forgotten; Dr. Warton has a few fragments of some other odes, but too loose and imperfect for publication, yet containing traces of high imagery. In the Ode to Pity, the idea of a Temple of Pity, of its situation, construction, and groupes of painting with which its walls are decorated, was borrowed from a poem now lost, entitled the Temple of Pity, written by my brother, while he and Collins were schoolfellows at Winchester College."

Extract of a letter from T. Warton to W. Hymers, A. B.

"Dr. Johnson, in the biography, informs us that Collins died in 1756, but this does not appear to have been correct; the monument erected at Chichester by his sister, refers his decease to June 12, 1759. Neither is the learned biographer quite right in the date of the period to which he assigns the birth of the poet. In the parish register of St. Peter the Great, at Chichester, the following document is preserved:

"William, the son of William Collins, then mayor of the city of Chichester, and Elizabeth his wife, was baptised the first of January, 1722, in the parish of St. Peter the Great, *alias* Subdeanery."

An interesting anecdote, illustrative of what Dr. Johnson has said of Collins' frequent perusal of the bible, has been obtained from the Rev. Mr. Shenton, Vicar of St. Andrews, by whom Collins was buried. 'Walking (says that gentleman) in my vicarial garden one Sunday evening during Collins' last illness, I heard a female (the servant, I suppose,) reading the bible in his chamber. Mr. Collins had been accustomed to rave much, and make great moanings; but while she was reading, or rather attempting to read, he was not only silent but attentive, correcting her mistakes, which indeed were frequent, through the whole of the twenty-seventh chapter of Genesis.

There is something painfully affecting in the contemplation of the decay of so glorious a mind as that with which Collins was endowed. To see the worthless casket outlast the jewel it enshrines; to mark the struggles of frail and feverish mortality when the spirit that gave energy to its faculties is flown; when the mental day-star has vanished into the gloom of unconsciousness, and the deep midnight of fatuity has settled upon the soul; yet to this terrible condition was the unfortunate Collins reduced for some time previous to his death. When his health and faculties began to decline, he went to France; and on his return (for he remained but a few months in that country) to Bath. During the early part of his insanity, he was placed in Macdonald's mad-house at Chelsea, from whence he was removed by his sister to Chichester, where he soon sunk into a state of wretched and deplorable idiotcy. The extreme sensitiveness of his disposition, his painful susceptibility of the lightest breath of calamity, added to the wild intensity of his imagination, and his deep and fervent aspirations after that fame which does and must continue to attend his name so long as the language in which he has written shall be understood; all conduced to increase a malady which had probably its immediate origin in constitutional weakness and debility. Happy and much to be desired was the stroke that levelled the TEMPLE when the GOD had departed; and left nothing to remind us of its glory and its splendour, but the oracles that were delivered from its altar.

S.

* See also Collins' song, 'How sleep the Brave.'
"And honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To deck the turf that wraps their clay."

ED.

FINE ARTS.

TOMKINS'S PICTURE GALLERY.

As the time approaches when this fine collection of works of art must be dispersed, the attractions of the Exhibition in Bond-street increase; and the many avail themselves of the latest opportunity of inspecting an interesting gallery, which has perhaps only not been a very popular resort for many months past on account of the admittance to it being gratuitous. John Bull has a strange fancy: he grumbles at what is dear, but he despises what is cheap; he roars out his indignation at apparent extortion; but he would rather be cheated and imposed upon at great cost, than condescend to approve of any thing which might be had easily, or for nothing. Thus we are persuaded, that if the oil and water colour paintings, and the magnificent books of engravings which are found in these rooms, had been exalted by a janitor at their door, demanding a shilling for leave of entrance, and another shilling for a catalogue, they would have been visited by a much larger number of persons than have attended them in consequence of the invitation of the proprietors to walk in *freely*, and examine what is to constitute their Picture Lottery in July. To us the gallery has frequently been a most delightful lounge; and we do our duty in reminding the public, that it can only be so to it for four months longer.

Independent of the pictures which adorn the walls, and which are arranged into the grand prizes for the lottery in July; the two series of engravings are well entitled to a careful examination. Those of the Marquis of Stafford's collection, according to schools and chronological order, is indeed a superb production, and justly merits the testimonial eulogies bestowed upon it by the first artists of the age, West, Lawrence, Stothard, Cosway, Flaxman, Nollekens, Ward, Shee, Beechey, Smirke, &c. The critical notices are well written, and display both taste and knowledge in the arts. The volumes afford a perfect idea of the Noble Marquis's grand gallery in London, and at the same time exhibit some of the most admirable effects of the burin. Of course there are inequalities in these plates; but the general execution is of the highest order, and teaches us to become so intimately acquainted with the styles of the various masters, as to be little likely to be mistaken in their works, wherever we may meet with them. They are further curious, as specimens of so many of our best engravers.

The other work, "The British Gallery, &c. of the most approved old masters in Britain," and enriched by some striking remarks by Tresham, and observations by Ottley, is still more interesting to us; and we cannot look upon it without deeply regretting that the design was not carried a great way farther. It is a superb undertaking, and in itself, an honour to the enterprize and talent of the country. The criticisms are replete with excellence.

The view of copies of these works, as well as of the original paintings, to which we alluded in setting out, will reward our readers for a visit to Tomkins's Gallery.

THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

Clint's clever picture of Farren, Farley, and Jones, (as Lord Ogleby, Canton, and Brush) in this comedy, which attracted much notice, and as much praise at the R. A. Exhibition of 1819, has been beautifully engraved, and published. We have now a proof impression before us, which says much for the abilities of the artist, Henry Meyer. The original characteristics are entirely preserved; the expression of the actors, and the effect of the action. The whole is executed in a capital style; and the lovers of dramatic prints can hardly meet with a more engaging specimen. The size seems to be about 9 inches by 7.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL PORTRAITS.

Another of the new productions in the arts of the present day has just commenced, under the above title. It is announced to consist of "a new and interesting collection of portraits, from undoubted originals, engraved in the line manner, by the most eminent English artists, accompanied by concise biographical notices, in English and French." This design is certainly a pleasing one; and we are happy, in describing it, to be able at the same time to say, that its opening specimens are most brilliant and forcible examples of the power of engraving. The first head is that of M. Angelo, by Cosmo Armstrong; and the second, the great Duke of Somerset, by E. Smith. Nothing in the line manner can exceed the firmness and

energy of the one, nor the grace, combined with vigour, of the other. The heads are small, the whole print being less than three inches in length by two in breadth: but we may justly say, that much merit is compressed in small compass. The declared purpose of the publication, as stated in the prospectus, is to give portraits, in this size, of memorable men, chiefly those of our own country. The utmost regard is to be paid to physiognomy in the selection; as, without this, which may be called the *marking feature*, any Briareus might answer as well as the hundred heads to which it is proposed to limit this selection. Considering what we have before us, in fairness to the projector and proprietor of this publication, it seems incumbent on us to declare that we have rarely seen any thing of the kind commenced with a more bona fide zeal, and sincere intention of doing justice to the public. Impressed with this sentiment, we wish that his speculation may be as successful as it deserves. From the style of his announcement, we do not think that he himself wishes more; and as we speak on the mere view of the case, without the least knowledge of the party, we expect that justice will be done to our report and to his merits.

We have only to add, by way of information to our distant readers, that there are to be ten parts, each consisting of ten portraits, at a guinea each part; with a superior edition, of 250 copies, in 4to., at double that price.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PARODY.—*Hor Lib.* 1. *Od.* 1.

Mecænas, you shall hear in rhyme
How men at Cambridge spend their time:
Some whips there are of Jehu kind,
Who joy alone in tandems find;
* Dash to Newmarket—take the odds,
And think themselves above the Gods;
And proudly to their comrades boast
How near they ran to every post.
Another with a prosperous gale,
† Loves down the muddy Cam to sail;
Skims fearless over Barnwell pool,
And thinks each landsman is a fool.
Stems boldly thro' Gyaneah rocks,
By vulgar bargemen hight the locks.
‡ Nor are there few of social soul,
Who love to drench the sparkling bowl;
To push the bumper toast around,
While chapel bells unheeded sound.
Some there are who love to fight
With townsmen, whether wrong or right;
Altho' before they too well know,
‖ How long-sleeved Fellows hate a row.
§ Heedless of chapel, lectures, hall,
The sportsman hears the welcome call;
Not hedge nor ditch his course can check,
Nor e'en the peril of his neck.

*....Metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis.....
....evehit ad Deos.

† Myrtoum.....nanta cecet mare.

‡ Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
Nec partem solido demere de die
Spernit.....

‖.....bellaque matribus
Detestata.....

§.....tenere conjugis immemor.

¶ Now I myself oft spend my time
In making, as you see, of rhyme;
And when with mathematic lore
Fatigued, I steal a vacant hour,
It is my greatest joy to rest
My weary head on Clio's breast.
Cambridge. C. X.

TO LOUISA.

If memory ever should whisper the name
Of one who hath loved thee not wisely but well,
And dwelt on thy charms with that passionate flame,
Which none but the soul of a poet can tell—
Remember his heart was not temper'd like those
Who have never awoke to the exquisite touch
Which passion imparts to the bosom that glows,
Till its error in love is in loving too much.
Remember, if fondness seduced him too far,
The language that broke from thine eloquent eye:
For who could be blind to so brilliant a star,
If it beam'd but on him, tho' a thousand were by?
And remember, whilst others are bound by its spell,
The ills and the anguish his spirit must cope
Who breathes thee this wild and eternal farewell—
They hope while they love, but he loves without hope!

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

Visit to the Tombs of the Kings of Spain.
[*By a French Officer.*]

Whether Don Carlos did or did not deserve capital punishment—whether he was condemned to it—whether the Council of State or the Inquisition pronounced the sentence—whatever, in short, was the manner in which his life was abridged, it seems proved that violent means were employed; though, to please Philip II., historians, the slaves of despotism, have attributed his death to the excess in drinking iced liquors, and to the quantity of peaches and other fruit in which he indulged without moderation, during the heat of summer. Historians are not agreed upon the manner in which the father caused the son to perish; they kill, by strangling, suffocation, bleeding, and poison, the legitimate heir to the most powerful monarchy of that age. One of them says positively, *that the head of the prince was not in his tomb.* This last assertion has been repeated till it is taken for granted. I can, however, assert the contrary; and I think that the account of an excursion to the sepulchres of the kings of Spain, undertaken to verify these facts, will not be unwelcome.

After the fatal results of the affair of Aropiles, I joined, in order to visit the monument of the Escurial, the escort of the Commissary of the army, P——, whom general S. sent thither to procure provisions.

As soon as we had taken measures for our safety in the village, I proposed to my companions to visit the monastery. Two officers of engineers, as curious as myself, having joined us, nothing worthy of observation escaped our researches. With the book of the Abbe Pons in our hands, we descended into the sepulchral chapel, where, since the death of the founder of St. Lorenzo, the kings and queens of Spain have been buried.

We entered a large apartment, of an oblong shape, of no great height, black, and without any of those rich lamps with which the sepulchral chapel of the kings, and the church above, are so profusely adorned. All round this apartment, deep shelves have been fixed, one above another. Numerous coffins, of the usual shape, are placed side by side, upon these shelves, with the feet to the wall; to the head, which is turned towards those who visit these abodes, a ticket is fastened, bearing in large characters the name of the individual whom it contains, with that of his father and mother, as well as the authentic date of his birth and of his decease. All these coffins are of wood; most of them covered externally with velvet, either black, violet, blue, or some other dark colour; some of them are also bordered with lace, which is rather paltry.

Amidst this sort of chronological library of the dead, we looked first for the conqueror of Lepanto. We soon found two Don Johns of Austria; the first, the son of Charles V., not far from whom was the other, the son of Philip V.

The coffins of the two Don Johns were among the number of those which the English general had forced open; and as the lids had not yet been nailed down again, we did not make the least difficulty of drawing them to us, and opening them.

We found in each coffin a mummy, in good preservation, dressed in handsome clothes, like those in which painters, and after them, actors, represent to us the nobles of the court of Charles V. and the three Philips, when the Spanish fashions were adopted by the *beau monde* throughout Europe. The dresses are of velvet, finely embroidered with gold; the little cloak was of light purple in one, and of sky-blue, I think, in the other. Their heads were covered with a bonnet, also of velvet, turned up on one side, and of the same colour as the cloaks, waistcoats, &c.; round their necks are large plaited ruffs, 'à la Henri IV.;' their feet are covered with shoes, also of velvet, and leather gloves covered their dried hands. We admired these dresses, above 130 years old, which are still in very good condition. The mustachios of Philip V. were wonderfully painted; and the face of that prince, though it looked like tanned leather, retained a certain air of greatness. As for that of the conqueror of the Turks, the left side shewed only bones; but the mustachio on the right, as well as the teguments, was perfectly preserved.

We did not allow ourselves, like our precursors, the English, to lay our profane hands on some infantas, celebrated for their beauty, whose names we saw inscribed on two or three coffins; we only took a glance of one of those princesses, whose name I did not note down, and who was dressed as a Carmelite Nun, though she never embraced the monastic life. We hastened to look for Don Carlos, son of Philip II.; and soon

¶ Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium.
&c. &c. &c.

found him, at the same height as the others, on the small side, opposite the entrance. This coffin had escaped the English, who probably had not read St. Real; and when we spoke of touching it, the guide uttered loud cries, declaring that he would leave us, carry away the light, shut the vault, and protesting that he would be killed before we should touch *the infant*. We did not kill him, but let him talk on, took his lantern and his keys, and endeavoured to draw out the coffin, which we found as heavy as the others were light. We were even obliged to give up the idea of removing it entirely from its situation, lest we should not be able to replace it. Having with much difficulty drawn it two thirds out, and made our guide (who was at length induced to submit to what he could not help) support the head, we found that the lid had been formerly removed, and slightly nailed on again; so that it was not difficult to open it. Instead of a fine mummy, clad in velvet, like that we had just seen, we found only a compact mass of lime, the surface of which was uneven. This lime had been removed in some places, as if to seek below it for some traces of the body, which it was doubtless intended to disfigure; some parts had been, in fact, uncovered. By removing other pieces of this substance, we found bones, and fragments of skin, or flesh, reduced to the consistence of old rags. This is all that remains of the proud and unfortunate Don Carlos. Wishing to see if the head was wanting (this was my chief object), I quickly dug, with my knife, on the side where it must be found if it existed, and soon uncovered it. It was quite disfigured. The teguments on the frontal, and one of the parietal bones, which I entirely uncovered, are quite destroyed; but a great deal of hair is in good preservation, though turned red, and brittle.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—The Opera, on Tuesday, was distinguishedly attended; and the *Gazza Ladra* gave another opportunity to Camporese and Madame Vestris, of exhibiting their power as singers and actresses; and in the latter point of view alone, their performance would entitle them to great celebrity—for it combined energy, and expression, and feeling. A new ballet was selected for the first appearance of Monsieur Albert, a dancer of high foreign reputation; which, we may venture to assert, his representation of the Idaan Paris, on Tuesday, has extended and secured for him in England. With a stature of the middle height, and figure of the most nervous symmetry, he possesses an elasticity and spring of movement, which carries him with apparent ease through the most extraordinary efforts of graceful agility.

The material of the ballet is slight; but it affords instances of interesting and graceful grouping. Paris wears a coronet of roses, destined for Œnone; but the possession of which is delightfully entreated and contested by a crowd of young and graceful supplicants. It is won by the address of the nymph Œnone; and the ballet concludes with demonstrations of their affection.

Albert seemed to dance without the appearance of fatigue or exertion. He was admirably assisted by Noblet and Varennes; and their *pas de trois* was the most perfect exhibition which a London assemblage has perhaps for years witnessed. From our own knowledge, we can say that few continental stages could boast a more perfect union of dexterity and gracefulness; and the Opera House promises and presents a higher interest than it has possessed for years. The admiration of the audience was more strongly demonstrated than we could have supposed the serious character of the nation would have condescended to. A gentleman of some 17 or 18 stone weight, roared out (*sotto voce*) "You are an admirable dancer!" and maiden, or unmarried ladies, of half a century, let forth the full flood of their delight. One noble duke insinuated applause in the most elegantly languishing manner, by patting the nails of his left hand with the digital points of his right,—the obstreporous noise might almost have been heard at the next box! Need we add, that the whole went off like a 36 pounder!

Ouranologia.— It is a favorable evidence of the public taste, and patronage of what unites instruction to amusement, that during the present season so many lecturers on the Astronomical Phenomena, should draw numerous audiences to their different theatres and places of exhibition. One of the most interesting courses of elucidation of the structure and movements of the Planetary System, is that delivered by Mr. Bartley, at the Lyceum Theatre. The lecturer gave, in a clear and intelligible manner, the substance of the different solar theories, and the more evident phenomena of eclipses, tides, &c. Much of the illustrative scenery was remarkably good; and that exhibiting the telescopic appearance of the moon, and the appearance of our earth to the inhabitants of other worlds, was very beautiful. A planetary system of great magnitude was as fine an imitation as the inclosure of a theatre could possibly contain. The comet of 1811 made a superb entré, and was received with the greatest plaudits. On the whole, we have seldom been more pleased, and never witnessed mechanism of equal ingenuity.

VARIETIES.

Barnage, an actor, belonging to the *Theatre de la Gaieté*, at Paris, who was surnamed the *Brunet of the Boulevard*, some days ago put a period to his existence, in the park of Versailles.

Initials.—The initials of the names of two of the most prolific geniuses which Britain has produced, are the same, viz. W. S., standing alike for William Shakespeare and Walter Scott.

A partridge's nest was discovered on the 15th inst. in a hedge adjoining the Duke of Rutland's estate, at Newmarket, containing seven eggs. This is an extraordinary circumstance, for partridges usually do not begin to lay till the beginning of May.—*Cambridge Chron.*

Masked Balls, which are at all times a favorite amusement of the French, have been uncommonly numerous and splendid in Paris during the late Carnival. A Paris Journal mentions, that the first masked balls that ever took place in France, were given in the year 1585, by Henry III. to some English noblemen, in the halls of the Bishop's Palace in Paris. The Opera balls take their date from the regency of the Duke of Orleans. They were commenced in the year 1716, under the authority of a royal ordinance. This ordinance regulated all the measures of the police, and prohibited *free admission*, even to the officers of the King's household. The French comedians obtained similar privileges in 1716.

M. Kœnig, a Swiss artist, is exhibiting in Paris some transparent paintings of the scenery of his native country. This exhibition, which is called the *Diaphanorama*, presents the imitation of a phenomenon, which, though observable on all pointed eminences, is particularly remarkable on the *Jung-Frau*; namely, the singular colour of the mountain, when, being covered with snow, it catches the last rays of the setting sun. The descent of the light, and the various shades of colour, are very well managed in this picture, as well as in some others, where the moon-light shining on lakes, is contrasted with the reflection of fires judiciously disposed.

The Indicator, a little weekly work, by Mr. Leigh Hunt, and one in which there have been a good many pleasing literary articles, finished its career on Wednesday the 21st, at the age of lxxvi. The ill health of its editor is assigned as the cause of its being discontinued.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MARCH, 1821.

Thursday, 22—Thermometer from 33 to 43.
Barometer from 29, 45 to 29, 87.
Friday, 23—Thermometer from 25 to 45.
Barometer from 29, 91 to 30, 00.
Saturday, 24—Thermometer from 32 to 48.
Barometer from 29, 80 to 29, 49.
Sunday, 25—Thermometer from 40 to 52.
Barometer from 29, 33 to 29, 49.
Monday, 26—Thermometer from 30 to 46.
Barometer from 29, 58 to 29, 46.
Tuesday, 27—Thermometer from 33 to 48.
Barometer from 29, 23 to 29, 34.
Wednesday, 28—Thermometer from 34 to 45.
Barometer from 29, 30 to 29, 06.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'A Country Wife' is right in her principles, wrong in their application. We have not the slightest knowledge of the party to whom her remarks refer; but there is a distinct declaration in the work, that the foundation for the poems is entirely fictitious.

Many Communications are under, *and some* beneath *consideration.* *"The Editor of Wat Tyler" must authenticate his letter before any use can be made of it. We pledge our honour to him in every way.*

Miscellaneous Advertisements, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

British Gallery, Pall Mall.

THIS Gallery, for the, Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Modern Artists, 18 OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.
Admission, 1s.---Catalogues, 1s.
(By Order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

MR. HAYDON's Picture of "*Christ's Agony in the Garden*," is now Open, with his other works, at 29, St. James's Street, from ten till five. Admittance 1s.

Exhibition of Engravings by Living British Artists. Under the Patronage of the King's most excellent Majesty.

NOTICE is hereby Given, that the above Exhibition is intended to open on the 23rd of April; and all Works intended to be exhibited must be sent on the 6th and 7th. Should any Artists not have received Letters sent by the Committee, they are requested to apply for information as to the objects of the Exhibition to Mr. W. B. Cooke, Soho Square.
Exhibition Rooms, No. 9, Soho Square.

Fine Arts.

MR. YOUNG, Engraver to His Majesty, begs leave to announce that, on the 2d of April, he will publish a CATALOGUE of PICTURES by British Artists, in the possession of SIR JOHN LEICESTER, Bart. with Etchings of the whole Collection: and on the same day, a *Second Edition* of the Catalogue of Pictures at *Grosvenor House*. Quarto Copies, 2l. 2s. each; copies on large paper, with the impressions on India paper, 3l. 3s. each, for which it is requested an early application may be made. Sold by the proprietor, 65, Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square; Jennings, in the Poultry; Messrs. Nicol; and Moltano, Pall Mall; Carpenter, Bond Street; and Rodwell and Martin, New Bond-Street, &c. &c.

Egyptian Tomb discovered by Mr. Belzoni.

ABOUT the middle of April, a Model of this Ancient Monument will be exhibited to the Public. The Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, will be divided, so as to present an exact *fac simile* of the two most splendid Apartments of this Tomb of one of the Kings of Egypt: the wall will be adorned with Figures in Basso Relievo, cast from the models in wax, and painted as the original, from which may be formed a most correct idea of the Arts, Sciences, and Religion of that Prim tive Nation. To give the exact effect to this splendid Excavation, as seen by the Traveller, Belzoni, the apartments will be illuminated by artificial lights. Such an Exhibition of Egyptian Art has never been before introduced into Europe. A variety of very curious and interesting Specimens of Egyptian Antiquity will be placed in the Galleries of the same Hall.

Fine Arts.

On the 12th of April will be published, handsomely printed, and enclosed in a protecting folio,

TWO VIEWS of DOVER, engraved by W. B. COOKE, from Original Drawings taken on the Spot, by L. CLENNELL. The Drawings from which the Plates are engraved are among the latest productions of Mr. Clennel. Subscribers to the *Southern Coast of England*, desirous of further illustrating it with additional *Views of Dover*, have now an opportunity of inserting Two more Engravings of this interesting Place. Price of the Prints, royal quarto, including the folio, 10s. the Pair. Proofs, large paper, 14s. India Paper Proofs, large paper, 18s. Published and sold by W. B. Cooke, at his Print Rooms, No. 9, Soho Square, near the Bazaar.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. The attention of the Public is respectfully invited towards the New Series of this Journal, which was commenced the 1st January, on a new and very improved plan; the Original Papers being printed in a large Type, similar to those in the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews, and the Miscellaneous Departments so arranged as to form a distinct Volume at the end of the year; thus combining in the same work, the several characters of a *Magazine*, a *Review*, and an *Annual Register*.

Under the superintendance of its present distinguished Editor, this work will be devoted to the contributions of persons of the highest talent, it being the determination of the Publishers to spare no expense in order to present to the world a Monthly Journal adapted in every respect to the present improved state of society, and possessing a greater fund of amusement and information than has hitherto been attempted.

Among other Papers of peculiar interest now in the course of publication, are *Mr. Campbell's Lectures on Poetry*, the substance of which was recently delivered at the Royal Institution; and those who may desire to possess the New Series from its commencement in January, are requested to transmit their orders without delay to their respective Booksellers and Newsmen, to prevent disappointment.

Printed for Henry Colburn and Co. Conduit Street; Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; and John Cumming, Dublin; and retailed by every Bookseller and Newsman throughout the kingdom. It may also be regularly transmitted abroad, by applying to any Postmaster.

Clandestine Marriage.

Engraved by Meyer, from a Painting by Clint,

A SCENE from the Comedy of the Clandestine Marriage, with portraits of *Messrs. W. Farren, Farley, and Jones*, in the characters of Lord Ogleby, Canton, and Brush. Size, nine inches wide by eleven and a half high. Prints 10s. 6d.; Proofs 21s. London: Published by Hurst, Robinson, and Co. (late Boydell) 90, Cheapside.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

GOLD's LONDON MAGAZINE and THEATRICAL INQUISITOR. April. No. XVI. price 2s. 6d. with a portrait of Mr. Macready, contains---1. On the folly of concealing our real Opinions. 2. A Sketch from Nature. 3. Hans Heiling's Rock, a Bohemian legend from the German of Korner. 4. Glenguhirn, a character. 5. On Originality in Composition. 6. A Winter's Evening Fire-side; or Chit-chat and Whiskey---Toddy with our Contributors, principal contents---I. The Death-bed; II. The Stamford Ghost; III. The Maniac; IV. Moses Mumps; V. Conclus on. 7. *The Decisive*, 63 Arabs of Civilization. 8. *Naga Poetica*---I. Sonnet to a Young Lady in a Consumption; II. Stanzas written in a Church-Yard; III. Sonnet. *Literary Review*---I. Rebellion in 1745; II. The Vampire; III. A Vision of Judgment. *Theatrical Inquisitor*---The Actors of the Modern Stage; Review of Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Minor Theatres, Dublin Theatre. Natural History. Political Digest. Domestic, Literary, and University Intelligence. Omniana, Obituary, Agricultural and Meteorological Reports, &c. Sold by Gold and Co. 19, Great Russell Street, Covent Garden, where Vols. 1 and 2 may be had.

BLACKWOOD's EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. XLVIII. for March, 1821. Contents. 1. Extract from a List (and Found) Memorandum Book, No. I. Strictures on Political Economy; Love Song, by a Junior Member of the Cockney School, &c. 2. Sketches of Village Character. No. V. Mungo Clark, the Packman; Butor John; and Adam Harkness. 3. Sonnet, written off the Dutch Coast. 4. Hans Heiling's Rocks, a Bohemian Legend, by Korner. 5. Sonnet. 6. Sonnet to Robinson Crusoe. 7. The Steam-Boat. No II. Voyage First, *continued*. Tale II. The Soldier's Mother; Tale III. The Hurricane. 8. Horæ Danicæ. No. IV. Hagbarth and Signa, a Tragedy, by Adam Ochlauschlaeger. 9. Hubert, or the Veteran of India. Part II.---10. Lines written in a British Burial Ground in India. 11. A Letter from the Man in the Moon. 12. Letter to Pierce Egan, Esq. 13. The Soldier's Funeral. 14. Translations from the less familiar Latin Classics. No. V. Ausonius. 15. Reply to Mr. Barker. 16. The British Gallery. 17. Remembered Beauty. 18. Stanzas on Visiting a Scene of Childhood. 19. The Warder. No. VIII. The King. 20. *Works preparing for Publication*. 21. *Monthly List of New Publications*. 22. *Monthly Register*, &c. Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell and W. Davies, Strand, London.

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